THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 25, 1934

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

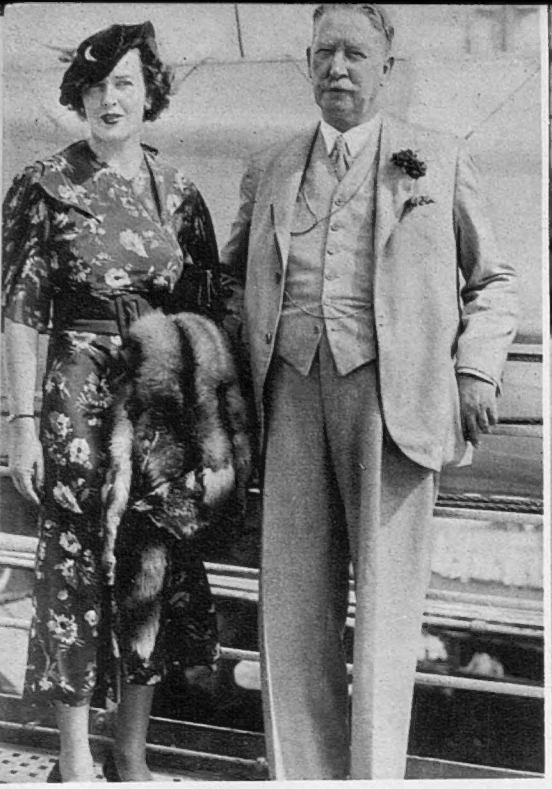
The Bystander, September 25, 1934

No. 1606. Vol. CXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

THE CUPS THAT CHEER THE WINNER

Miss Nancy Jupp, aged 13 years and 9 months, the winner of the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges organised by the "Bystander." The three attributes which helped her to win unexpectedly against competitors older than herself were a perfect swing, the nervelessness of inexperience, and a blissful indifference to what anybody is thinking of her or her game. It is to be hoped that further experience, which she must necessarily enjoy, may not affect her nerves, and that the swing and indifference to the gallery will always be at her command. A report on the Championship appears on pages 578-579



Watching the Race

Lord Decies and his daughter, the Hon. Moya Beresford, both of whom are great travellers, went over to America to see Endeavour in her races against Rainbow

An Apéritif Prince

M. and Mme. Paul Dubonnet were photographed when they were in Biarritz. His father is the French apéritif-making king; she was well known as Mrs. Nash, "the world's best-dressed woman"

Stellar Holiday

The lovely Kay Francis, one of the most scintillating of film stars, has been forgetting trouble in the summer paradise that Villa d'Este, on Lake Como, can be

Swaebe

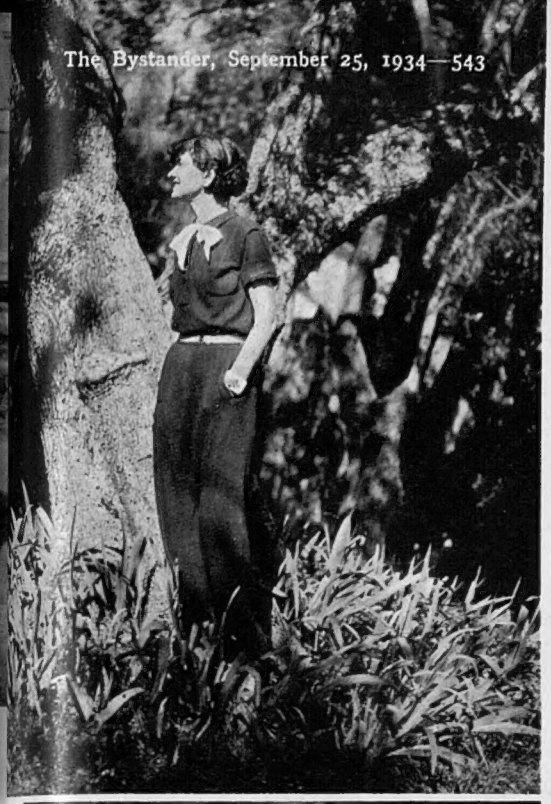
A Luncheon Where—

Above are Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth (Lady Hindlip that was), and above, right, are Clive Brook, Ludovico Toeplitz, Madeleine Carroll, C. M. Woolf, managing director of Gaumont-British, and Beverley Baxter. This was at the G.-B. lunch to M. Toeplitz, who is financing "The Dictator," a new English film which Lubitsch is to direct, and in which Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll play lead

Swaebe

—Much Film Business Was Talked

Right: Miss Eileen Tweedie, Mr. Hugo Tweedie, Scots Guards, Miss Daphne Mulholland, Lady Cavan's daughter by her first husband, and Mr. Bobbie Rumbold, playing round at North Berwick, on a typically windy, sunny East Coast day



Swaebe

Charity Hoop-la

Lady Vansittart, who opened the garden fête at the Mount Vernon Hospital, Northwood, Middlesex, last week, went round the amusement stalls later on, and stopped to give the hoop-la a try-out

At the Henley Horse Show

The Hon. Nadine and the Hon. Noreen Stonor, Lord and Lady Camoys' daughters, with Noreen Stonor's pony, Nancy, which won the cup for the best pony in the Henley Agricultural Show

ROUND ABOUT

Above, left: Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel in the beautiful wild garden, all olive groves, irises and lavender, of her South of France villa, in the hills behind Monte Carlo

Left: Alice Nikitina, the Russian Ballet star, has been on a motor tour with Baroness Yvonne Rothschild, and was photographed calling in to bathe at the Monte Carlo beach

Dancer by the Sea

Weddings in Oxford and London

Left: Mr. Thomas Trotter, 60th Rifles, Colonel and Lady Edith Trotter's third son, and Miss Joan Fisher-Rowe, the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Fisher-Rowe, after their wedding last week

Mr. William Laurie Lang and Miss Frances Evelyn Mallett, Sir Rowland and Lady Mallett's daughter, were married at Oxford. The two bridesmaids were Miss Sheila Mallett and Miss Joan Lang

Lady Bridget Poulett

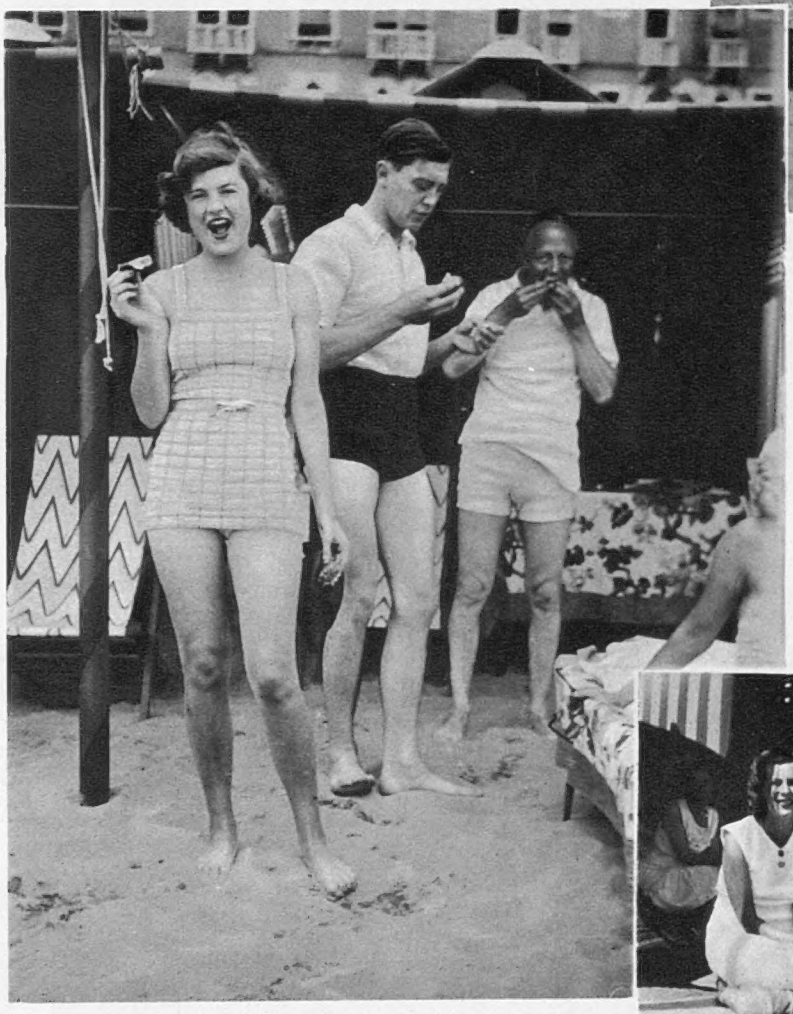
As good young Mayfairers go, Lady Bridget Poulett went on the Sunshine Circuit, of which the Lido was an all-important stage this summer. She is now back in London, gracing its night-life again

Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge

Her mother, Baroness d'Erlanger, has a palazzo in Venice, so the family are regulars on the Lido beach during the season. They are all back in Paris now. The Princess's two children are Zozo and Ariel

Lido Retrospect

English Faces That Have Been In the Italian Sunshine



Eating their "Eleven o'Clocks"

Above: green figs, about as good things to eat half-way through the morning as anyone could think of, are being dealt with by the Hon. Eileen Brougham, Mr. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, and Sir Alfred Butt

The group on the right, outside the Lido bathing-huts, includes Alanova, Lady Castlerosse, Lady Charles Cavendish, and Mr. Odom, who takes the Palazzo Barbaro. The Venice Musical Festival kept the English population out there till well on in the month

Capanne Company

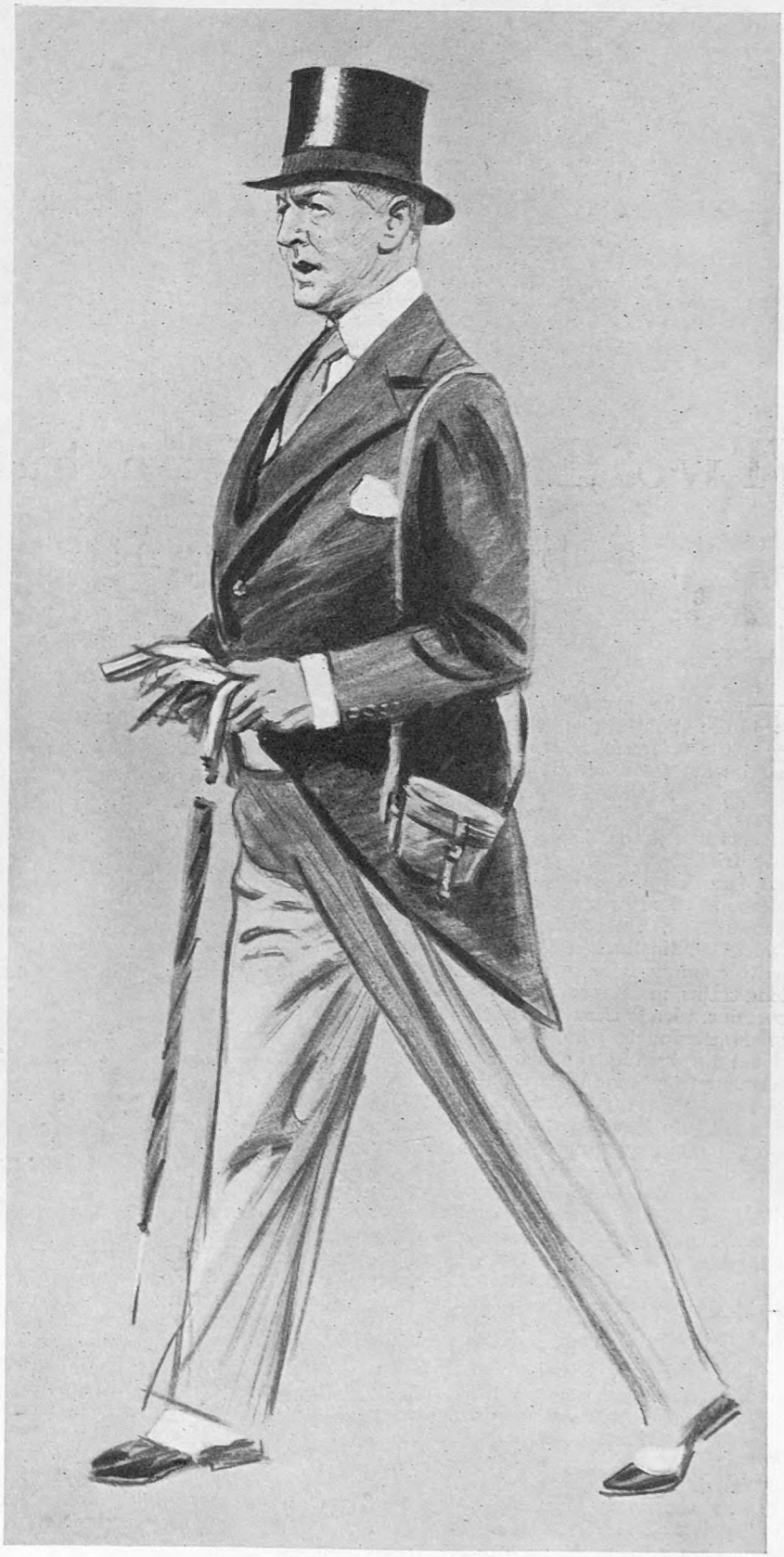
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

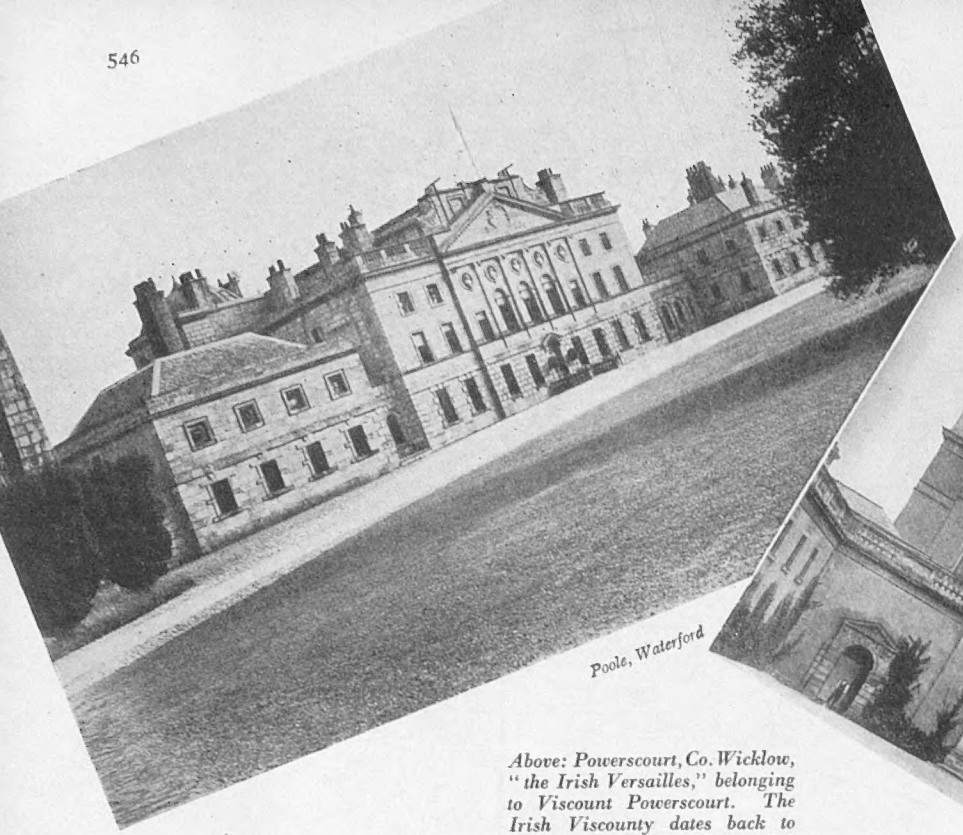
No. 69. The Duke of Westminster

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

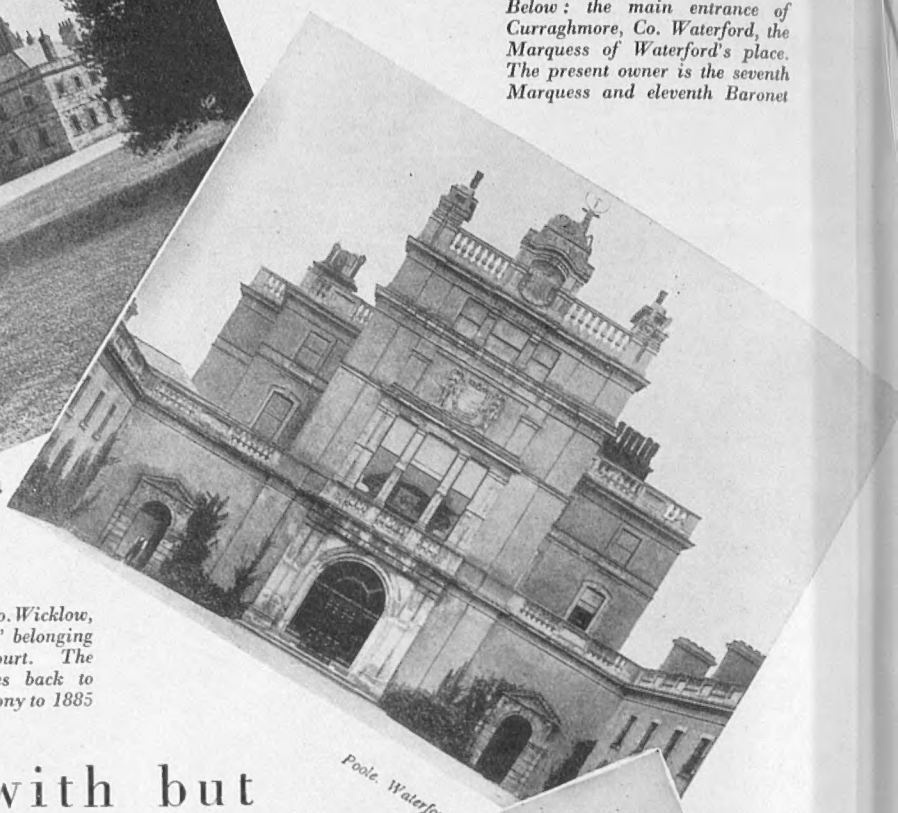
SOMEBODY once said of Lady C——, "She is a much-maligned lady." The same, in a masculine way, can be said with even greater truth of the Duke of Westminster. And it is only once that he has ever condescended to take note of it. That was recently, when an ill-advised niece tried to be funny once too often. Noel Coward raised a cheap laugh in *Private Lives* when he made Gertrude Lawrence say: "It 's the Duke of Westminster's yacht; it always is." Bendor is actually one of the most patient, as well as one of the most generous people alive. Nor is his generosity confined to members of his family, however remotely connected. Any number of people on the Grosvenor estate will bear me out. Tall and very good-looking, the Duke is devoted, like most of the Grosvenors, to dachshunds, which he has bred for a number of years. He is always accompanied by four of them, wherever he goes. One of his peculiarities is to refer to other dukes as his "colleagues," and he never used to enjoy anything more than to read "Gadfly's" attacks on them in the old *Daily Herald*.

PRIMARILY he is a magnificent spender. On one occasion he took a house-party to Venice, thence on his yacht for a fortnight, then back to Paris, from there to Bourdon House, which was specially opened, then to Laxford, in Scotland, and from there to some island. Sometimes he gets bored with his guests sooner than that, and they learn that the yacht needs some unaccountable repairs, after a day or two. On one occasion his guests went to sleep on his yacht, expecting to see Norway next morning; when they woke up they were back at Hull. Not so long ago he was heard to say that fifty hours was long enough in any one place. To-day, despite Dieppe and boar-hunting and his various places in London and Cheshire and Scotland, he is far less restless. He served in the South African war, and in the last war distinguished himself with the armoured cars in North Africa, as well as France. He has also been married three times. But his heir is his cousin, Robin Grosvenor. His only son tragically died at the age of six. He is a brother of Lady Beauchamp, whose husband now lives abroad, and is the father of Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey. To-day, grey-haired and distinguished-looking, he is fifty-five years old. His favourite gambling game is trente-et-quarante (I once saw black turn up for him eleven times running in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo). His favourite garb is a dinner-jacket, though I am told he wears the most remarkable Continental clothes when hunting wild boar on the Continent. And, as I write, he is at Lochmore, N.B. But by the time this appears in print he may be anywhere.





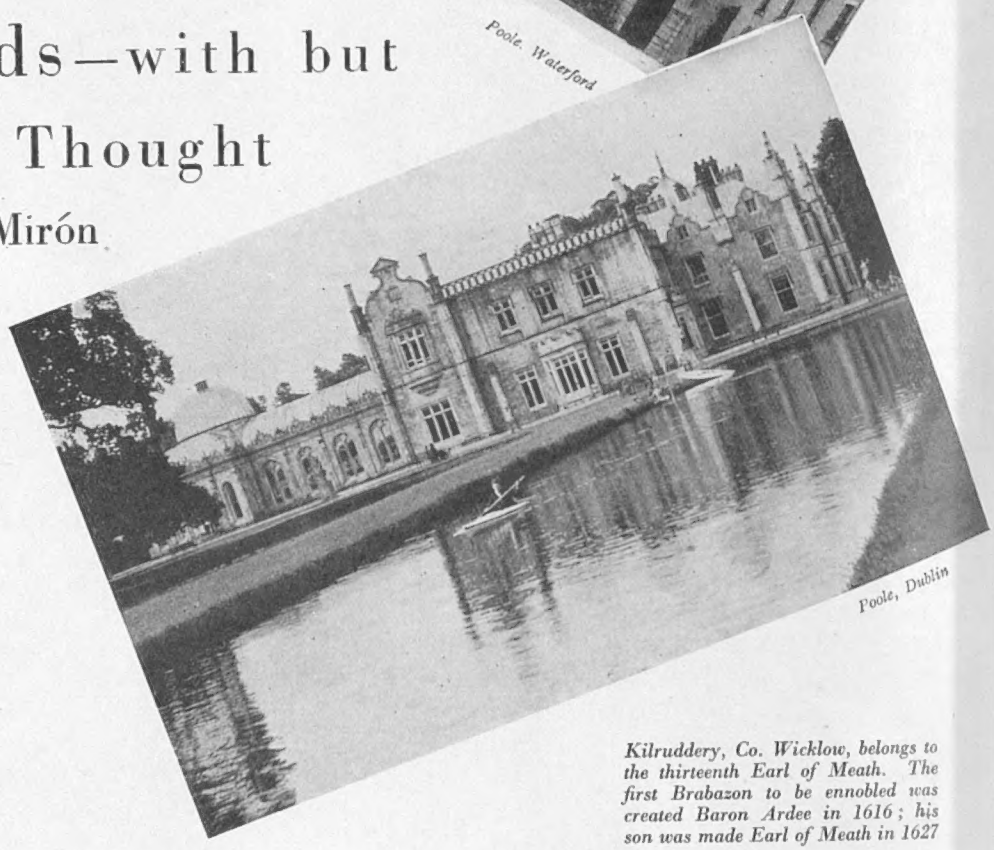
Above: Powerscourt, Co. Wicklow, "the Irish Versailles," belonging to Viscount Powerscourt. The Irish Viscounty dates back to 1743, the English Barony to 1885



Below: the main entrance of Curraghmore, Co. Waterford, the Marquess of Waterford's place. The present owner is the seventh Marquess and eleventh Baronet

Two Irelands—with but a Single Thought

By Mirón



Kilruddery, Co. Wicklow, belongs to the thirteenth Earl of Meath. The first Brabazon to be ennobled was created Baron Ardee in 1616; his son was made Earl of Meath in 1627

FROM the great hunting-houses of the South, like Curraghmore, of the Waterfords, to those famous parties at Mountstewart of the Londonderrys, the thought of sport alone binds the two fragments of what Victorians called the Sister Isle when they felt friendly, which was seldom. The old families, the old sports, even most of the old houses have survived, no one knows how, from the Viceregal Age, when Dublin had a February Season, with country débutantes curtseying in long trains, made from the drawing-room curtains, to a Viceroy. It was a Duke of Marlborough who, as Viceroy, insisted on kissing the debs, a droit de seigneur frowned on by the Irish Office in London. With half the British Army at the Curragh, and polo at the Phœnix, Dublin was gay enough—it was all very charming, very elegant, so it had to go.

To-day the survivors regard each other with an amused surprise in a double country where they must carry triptychs when motoring to visit neighbours. In a re-built and naturally clean Dublin, the foreign legations take the place of the former Court, the Castle is a museum, and in new hotels all-night balls continue for a week in Horse Show time. It still has a wit and vitality of its own and is not frozen into a beauty sleep, like Edinburgh on its rock. . . .

THE Two Irelands have the making of the most sporting country in the world. There is marvellous fishing, whether for forty-pound salmon taken on the fly in the Erne or the pink-fleshed Gillaroo and Sonaghan trout in the countless loughs. There is notoriously the best hunting for those who can jump, and the best woodcock and snipe for good shots. It was in Scotland that an expert admitted (in a whisper, of course) that Portmarnock, near Dublin, was the best seaside course in the world.

The sporting and social life of the island turns on the Country Houses, many of them quite magnificent and dating from the Eighteenth Century, with enormous walled "demesnes" (you never call them parks), some with thirty miles of roads. The circumstances of the owners vary amusingly, but they all meet freely and informally on sporting occasions. You may find yourself amid the Ritz luxury of Castle Forbes of the Granards, or you may call unpectedly at some house and be ushered by a suspicious butler in a seedy old coat into the Housekeeper's room, where you surprise a horse-loving Viscountess at High Tea, pouring out in gloves. While she explains that dry-rot is gradually eating up the old house, so

that they are driven into the servants' wing, you reflect on the line of very white statuettes in the corridor of earlier, infant viscounts in the nude. . . .

But the Irish suffer impoverishment more gaily than we do, and they are perfectly aware that they get more sport for their money than other peoples. Many live on their own produce, and in those wonderful walled gardens even the flowers obligingly seed themselves. As to clothing, it was in the chief Edinburgh tweed-shop, of all places, that I was pressed to buy Irish Donegal hand-wovens as being the best. . . .

CURRAGHMORE, where they are now busy cub-hunting, is a grand old house with an Adams dining-room and extensive accommodation for horse, hound and man. The spirit of the place reminds me of a North Country house where my host told me only last month that he had advertised for his new parson in the *Horse and Hound*: "... must ride to hounds, be good with Boy Scouts, wife likewise with Girl Guides." He had selected some from a rush of applicants and was planning to try them out on horseback in the large yard at the kennels, pleasing parson-trials which I was obliged to miss.

POWERSCOURT is the Irish Versailles, with granite terraces, fountains, statues, glorious views, and a deep glen with the highest waterfall in the British Isles. Inhabited castles abound, some of them enormous, like Lismore (larger than Warwick), Howth, Malahide, and Kilkenny. Glenveagh, in Donegal, is, I think, the only (stag) "forest" outside Scotland. Westport, in Mayo, is the fine old house of Lord Sligo, silver expert, and the Headforts are very sociable at Kells, in Meath. The charming new Lady Adare (from America) was seen at Adare Manor, Lord Dunraven's colossus, with a room that ties in size with the great library at Blenheim. . . .

BETTER known to English visitors, more numerous this year than since 1927, is world-famous Mountstewart, in Down, where Lady Londonderry sheds her diamonds and leads an entirely sporting life, bathing, yachting, fishing with the children after dinner in the endless Celtic twilight. A nice Adam type house with a tradition of named bedrooms (they can put up twenty-five or more) called after the European capitals, because of the great Lord Castlereagh's triumph at the Congress of Vienna. That was the Congress that danced, and there hasn't been a successful conference since. Lady Londonderry ("Circe") has, however, renamed them after the nicknames of her friends, has also made armorial petit-point covers for the signed Congress chairs, and has her own Irish library. There is an airport near by.

Clandeboye, of the Dufferins, is another great centre in the North much visited from England. Lady Dufferin, a daughter of the South, has just returned from Venice to entertain in a house filled with the Sheridan pictures and set in a charming countryside adorned with the romantic Helen's Tower.

OFFICIALLY the First House in the North is Baronscourt, in Tyrone, where the Duke of Abercorn, head of all Hamiltons, is Governor-General in another Adam type house, with terraced Italian gardens stretching to the inevitable lake. Here he keeps up the traditions of his grandfather, "Old Splendid." In the next county is Crom, on a lake, with a charming new Irish hostess, now "settling-in," Lady Erne, daughter of Lord Lytton.

Then there are such houses as the majestic Castle Coole, no castle, but an Italian palace of 1790, with the original silk hangings, pillars, domes, sidewings, and all; Florence Court (1746) with Italian plaster-work, Caledon (1794), looking like the White House in a 2000-acre deer park; here are a few of the seats of the Irish Earls. Some day I hope to hit on a fire-drill at Caledon, where, at the sound of a steam syren, all don polished helmets. A grand idea for any house-party. . . .

I THOUGHT the Tourist Trophy quite the most thrilling motor-race in the world with near-ordinary cars, *not* super-charged, marvellously handicapped on quite ordinary roads, missing death and corners by inches. Lord and Lady Londonderry with, of course, the Castlereaghs, also the Duchess of Bedford, who had flown over, came over from Mountstewart, and the Abercorns looked very gubernatorial in a bower of gladioli with Lord Claud Hamilton, His Excellency himself rushing around, at ninety, in the middle of the proceedings. Lord Craigavon (Northern Premier), who brought Lady Cecilia Wellesley and Geoffrey Harmsworth, Lady O'Neill (another attractive new Irish hostess), who brought Lady Katherine Howard and Lady Mary Crewe, and the Hugh Seelys were seen, also two real Siamese princes, sitting in one of the pits. All the native peerage from both sides of the Border were there, including the Bangors, from Castle Ward, which was built by a couple who couldn't agree and so compromised by having two sides gothic and two classical, all most confusing to guests who return from a walk. . . .

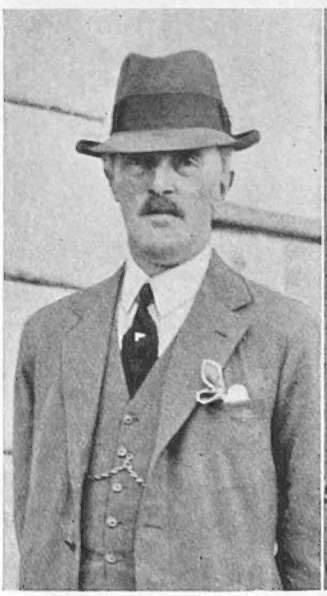
The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

The Marquess of Waterford

The Marquess of Sligo

Poole, Dublin

Viscountess Craigavon



Viscount Powerscourt

Poole, Dublin

The Duke of Abercorn

Second Thoughts on First Nights

New Technique and New Testament

Sketches of "Eden End" by Rouson

Dialling a wrong number in the good old days. Wilfred Kirby (John Teed), a study in apprehension as he tries to communicate with a barmaid friend

"Eden End" (Duchess)

I FEEL convinced that Mr. Priestley's new play, *Eden End*, will be lucky enough to have both its admirers and detractors, and that, consequently, it will provoke discussion, than which nothing is more likely to propagate a successful run.

Our dramatist is not exactly following in the footsteps of the needy knife-grinder and remarking: "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell!", but assuredly he does not rely upon plot in his new play. Instead, he has embarked on the creation of atmosphere and in putting on to the stage some extremely life-like characters, with whom one becomes acquainted in October 1912. What happens to them is not wildly exciting; indeed, some may think that they don't make a play in the usual sense, but then, *Eden End*, though possessing sense—and sensibility—is somewhat unusual.

Personally, I enjoy seeing a dramatist strike out a new line for himself as Mr. Priestley has done, but I don't think he has helped matters by making his play a succession of duologues, for whenever he gets three people on the stage together, our dramatist appears in a deuce of a hurry to get rid of one of them.

Then, again, he plants—to use the technical expression—speeches which are red herrings. One character, it is emphasised, has a weak heart, and we say to ourselves, something will come of that. On another occasion attention is pointedly drawn to a dense fog, just when a party are setting out (in the early days of motoring) to the railway station. But no one dies and there is no smash! To be thus taken in is likely to upset those who jump to conclusions.

Another small matter is that Mr. Priestley has emphasised the date of his play unnecessarily. References to what is going on in 1912 are far too frequent, and smell of research rather than natural conversation.

But these are but small blots on a most interesting play with some admirable character-studies, in which the best bits of acting are given by Edward Irwin, as an elderly Yorkshire doctor; Alison Leggatt, as a sex-repressed spinster; and Ralph Richardson, who makes an unforgettable portrait of a third-rate, boozy actor. Beatrix Lehmann, as his unsuccessful actress-wife, will also give a good performance when she realises that an author takes the trouble to write dialogue with the intention that it shall be heard.

"A Man's House" (New)

IT may be because I feel a prejudice against seeing Biblical plays on the stage, especially when the name of the Founder of Christianity is bandied about, that John Drinkwater's *A Man's House* did not appeal to me. When such a subject is chosen, I feel still more strongly that the play should be written, as far as possible, in the dignified and beautiful language of the Bible. Mr. Drinkwater, far from attempting this, often descends to modern slang and introduces such phrases as "a devil of a mess," "damned unpleasant," and "Gospel my foot!" into his dialogue.

As both his subject and treatment are so directly opposed to what I conceive to be suited for the stage, it would perhaps be as well that I should merely register my objection and leave it at that.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Dr. Kirby (Edward Irwin), a typical G.P. with a heart of gold, though somewhat weak

The return of the actress wanderer. Stella (Beatrix Lehmann) visits the old home again, and is annoyed when her husband, Charlie Appleby (Ralph Richardson), follows her there

Walter Bird

MARY ELLIS AS JOSEPHINE

The latest play about Napoleon is "Josephine," Emlyn Williams's adaptation from the German of Hermann Bahr, in which Mary Ellis plays the lead. Napoleon at the age of twenty-six is played by Frank Vosper. Mary Ellis's last London success—and it was a success—was in "Music in the Air"; she and Frank Vosper make a fine team in what is likely to be one of the most interesting historical plays of the year. The producer is Eugene Robert, famous in the theatrical worlds of Berlin and Paris, and the décor is by Vincent Korda, who was responsible for the settings of "The Private Life of Henry VIII." and "Catherine the Great." The play starts its run at His Majesty's to-night

Gatwick from the Air—Station, Gardens, Stand and Course

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 13. GATWICK

By Charles Graves

IT wasn't just because I had a winning day the last time I was at Gatwick that it seemed such a charming little meeting. After all, where else can you walk right out of your first-class compartment up a crazy pavement, past a lily pond and straight into the members' enclosure, with its trim green turf, white benches and flowering shrubs? Where else do you walk along an avenue of yews to the "Tote," as though you were passing through the gayest churchyard to the grave of your hopes of winning? The lime-trees in the paddock, the coloured parasols on the tea lawn, the charming little bandstand, the motor-car park, where they charge you nothing, the little dining-room with "Fairy" behind the bar—no wonder it is a favourite of so many celebrities.

Here you will see J. H. Thomas, forgetting the cares of State, in a soft black hat and grey suit, smoking the inevitable cigar, watching each runner like a hawk, and writing down professional little hieroglyphics after every race. I bet J. H. knows more about racing than the rest of the House of Commons put together; or thinks he does.

FROM the moment when, if you are so privileged, Mr. Bunkle locks you into your first-class

compartment at Victoria to your return at six p.m., you are sure to enjoy yourself at Gatwick. Queuing-up in the two-shilling section of the "Tote" you will see the Ranee of Sarawak in a little white crocheted hat, and will possibly remember that she was the original of J. M. Barrie's Wendy. Looking interestedly at the sale of some two-year-old will be Sir Francis Towle, in a beige suit and brown and white shoes, free for the moment of all thoughts of Les Girls and the Gordon Hotels.

Standing on the rails, in an orange dress and hat, is Mrs. Verney, the men round her like bees round honey. Further along is short, spectacled, merry Ted Heathorn, carolling "and so the jolly game goes on, on, on!"—as a hot favourite wins by a mile. Ted is scared of nobody and will accept the most extraordinary bets. Over there is Mark Ostrer, quite a heavy bettor in his quiet way. Well, the magnate of Gaumont-British can afford it. There he stands, solid, swarthy, impassively amused, and probably wondering whether he wouldn't be doing better in the Screen Golfing Society's fixture at Stoke Poges.

SITTING in that wheel-chair is the elderly, white-spatted, moustached and bowler-hatted owner of Miss Scrope—Captain J. G. R. Homfray; he is certainly a dauntless old man. And over there is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, whose yellow and scarlet velvet cap is so often seen on the track at Gatwick. Dressed in pink, charming and Scotch, and always ready to have a bet, is Lady Cooke, whose husband is the senior Steward. His advice to her is never to have a wager. But it would be inhuman to listen to him.

Sitting in one of the armchairs, and wearing his rather owlish spectacles, is Rowland Leigh, sole surviving brother of Lord Leigh, and father of the lyric writer. He used to be the handicapper here for many years, as, indeed, he was of Lingfield and many other famous courses for over a quarter of a century. During all that period he did not have a bet. Now, in his retirement, he has three a day and six on Saturdays. His greatest achievement was in a war-time Cambridgeshire, when only a head separated the first five horses. Stanley Wootton, tight-lipped, aquiline, good-looking, and impresario of half the coming jockeys in the country (as well as a high percentage of those who have already arrived), had just had a nice win with Credenda filly.

PRINCE ALY KHAN, remarkably blonde for his race, and cynical for his years; W. H. Gull, the stockbroker, with his hair parted very low on one side and wondering about his chances of winning a Classic next year; "Lucky" Dewar, who has not lived up to his nickname this year, getting rather broad, but remaining very handsome; John Baillie, owner of St. Oswald, who will put down the sugar very heavily indeed if he thinks he is going to win; Sir Wyndham Portal, rather solemn on a race-course; Lady Carnarvon, as professional in her manner as she is pretty; Mrs. Ford, formerly Princess Maria Bariatinsky, smoking innumerable cigarettes and picking almost as many winners; Rex Evans, not so bulky as he used to be, but still wearing that thin gold chain on his right wrist; Bechoffer Roberts, better known to you as "Ephesian," with his large, contemplative eyes and sharp tongue; "Bendex," the youngest of all the racing correspondents (he only left Eton last year)—tall, eager, slim and extremely knowledgeable; "Hotspur," alias "Rapier," lean and tanned, quiet and courteous, looking at the sales; Dick Lyall, dark and volatile, whose voice you know so well from the running commentaries on the Derby and the Grand National; "The Scout," tall, broad and kindly—all these are around.

ALTHOUGH this meeting is as different from Alexandra Park as chalk from cheese, Sir William and Lady Cook are host and hostess for the Stewards' Stand and Special Lunch Room at both these meetings, as well as at Windsor. Gatwick spoils its stewards and special guests almost as much as Lingfield. They have the same wicker armchairs, padded with pink cushions, and a glazed-in partition for the more rheumaticky old gentlemen. The dining-room is long and spacious, with its wooden walls painted light green with a dark-green dado, its long table, surrounded by the most pompous-looking high-backed chairs upholstered in punk pink felt, and a kind of *Alice in Wonderland* stuffed animal in a case at the end of the room. The sideboard here is laden with cold meats that might well be the envy of the Ritz, and only two or three women, apart from Lady Cook, are ever privileged to put their noses inside this holy of holies.

Sitting round this festive board you will see Capt. Mark Weyland, who always moves with the slow and deliberate preoccupation of one whose mind is weighed down with matters of great importance, Capt. Humphrey, Capt. Francis Egerton, always very dapper and filled with optimism about the next race, and that member of the Montefiore family who owned, or still owns, for all I know, a great deal of land in this part of the world. This, for some reason, entitles him to wear a life membership badge, which looks like a small horse-shoe upside-down and framing a round plaque with his name on it. However, as he only has about one bet a year, the horseshoe being the wrong way up does not seem to matter much.

On the left are Sir Francis Towle, of the Gordon Hotels; Mr. J. H. Thomas, with his cigar and his knowing look; Mr. J. B. Dewar (the top-hat is not à la Gatwick); Mrs. J. B. Ford, who was Princess Maria Bariatinsky; the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; Sir William Cooke, ex-owner, ex-breeder, ex-M.F.H., the Steward

"Nell Gwyn"

Anna Neagle—Orange Girl, Cedric Hardwicke—Charles II

It's a real star part for Anna Neagle, that of "pretty, witty Nell," in the latest historical film. Not that she hasn't had star parts before, but this one is particularly attractive in itself, and she is playing opposite Cedric Hardwicke, who gives a fine performance as Charles II. Jeanne de Casalis, Helena Pickard, Miles Malleson, and Esmé Percy are others in the brillian cast. Miles Malleson wrote such of the dialogue as is not actually historical. The film is a B. and D. one, directed by Herbert Wilcox, and started its run at the Leicester Square Theatre with a gala première last week

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

At a dinner-party the other night we happened to be next to a lady of quality who had had a pretty bad season—one solitary débutante in the kitty, and a dubious cheque at the end—and was inclined to let herself go. Her grievances in general were such that we eventually advised her to advertise them in the Personal column of the *Times*. This seemed to her a frivolous suggestion, and she turned her back on us; an imposing back, in the Baroque style.

We don't think it's a frivolous suggestion. We think it's a good one. The Personal column would be all the more interesting for such notices as:

LADY GROWLE would rather Not Meet MRS. MUMBLE, or any other Person with Ethiopian Ancestors, next Season.

MRS. HENRY OUTBURST desires the Name of the GENTLEMAN IN DINNER JACKET, who married her Daughter, "Bébé," last Thursday.

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN (25), athletic, Public School, keen, energetic, is Rather Sick of MISS "BIFFLES" PRUNE, of 206a, Park Street, W. Offers to Box G 104.

CUT PRICES.—Mothers having Plain or PIMPLY DEBUTANTE DAUGHTERS on their hands next Season, should apply to MARCHIONESS, Box Z 114, the *Times*. No reasonable Offer refused.

In our opinion, the whole Mayfair racket needs drastic reorganisation. The recent unrest among the gossip boys seems to us more than ordinarily significant.

Ça Ira

We were not present when the gossip boys held their mass meeting of protest in Berkeley Square the other evening, but an eye-witness tells us the speeches were pretty fiery. The main complaints of the trade may be summarised:

(*a*) Inferior champagne.
(*b*) Under-cutting by butlers, too many of whom are horning into the racket.
(*c*) Excessive commission demanded by domestic staffs for alleged exclusive news.
(*d*) Failure on the part of hostesses to comply with the Castlerosse-Donegall Agreement.

The Castlerosse - Donegall Agreement (1934) was drawn up after lengthy negotiation with six leading hostesses, and is a sort of official sliding-scale of names and values, showing those which must be mentioned once, twice, or many times in the week, according to circumstances.

In Ancient Rome many smart hostesses kept a huge Nubian executioner to deal with the gossip boys, and those who went "difficult" about publicity were immediately sliced in half by the dinge. These bad old days must not return.

"Let me see, now, you take two lumps?"

Mr. Smith

The other day we had a rather rambling letter from a Mr. Smith (no address), intimating that he had a mission to purge London with fire and sword, and that our name was well up on the short list. Mr. Smith added that he was an angel of destruction and would make it pretty hot for us.

We thought it rather interesting that his name should be Smith. The only other Smith we have ever heard of who had celestial connections was Mr. Joseph Smith, to whom the angels dedicated the Book of Mormon. Beyond these two, we doubt if Smiths are the sort of people angels would care to mingle with. They are, for the most part, in our experience, bustling, practical people—like the Mr. Smith who drowned three brides in the bath some years ago—and disinclined to ethereal contacts.

The Mr. Smith who wrote to us seems practical enough, however, and it seems only courtesy to acknowledge his communication in some way. There was a dying member of a French Duke's household before the Revolution who begged Monseigneur to excuse his taking the liberty of passing away in the august presence. "Faîtes, faîtes," said Monseigneur affably, with a genial wave of the hand. That is our position with Mr. Smith, angel of destruction.

Sweet Auburn

Apropos, a friend who lives in a charming English village told us a curious story the other day.

Taking a keen interest in rural life, so rich in internecine feuds and agricultural crime of all sorts, he receives at intervals an anonymous letter with the village postmark, accusing him, among others, of unmentionable things. This is normal and of routine. But the other day a furious spinster lady who lives in the village called on him and asked him if he had had an anonymous letter that morning. He said he had. She said, "Let me see it."

He said, "Why?"

She gnashed her teeth and said, "Give it me."

He gave it her. She glanced

through it, frowned, mumbled a little, fumbled in her bag, and took out another.

"This was yours," she said. "Good-afternoon."

She then left, in a silence so profound that our friend, dumbly gazing down the village street, could hear Mr. Beverley Nichols blowing kisses to his hollyhocks, away in the adjacent county.

Big Ship

RATHER tactless on the part of Mr. Basil Harris, Vice-President of the United States Lines, to remark, on leaving Southampton the other day in the Leviathan, that "The future of the big ship is uncertain," and that "Big ships are not economic"—seeing that all concerned are bursting themselves to finish Cunarder 534 in time to checkmate the French.

We ourselves like very big ships because they are full of surprises. We once crossed to New York in the Aquitania with a charming millionaire whose devoted parents had shrunk from telling him the facts of life. One night, after dinner, wandering down immense unknown vistas without a guide, he lost himself in the Second Class and appeared three days later, pale, dishevelled, with wonder in his big, innocent eyes He told us some odd tales of the Second Class. He said they weren't all black, as is popularly believed. He said they sat up to table and used knives and forks, just like us. He said they were kind to their offspring and walked upright and used ordinary language, not signs or grunts. He said some of their women weren't a bit fierce, either.

He told us this, and other travellers' tales, at dinner, and we pretended, politely, to believe him; all except a lady from Cleveland (Ohio), who was so rich that it hurt. She said his talk was big but not interesting, like the south half of an elephant.

"Beg your pardon, have you any cigarette pictures?"

"Mind if I try it on?"

Fifty Years On

PROFESSOR EVELYN WAUGH seems to have disappointed the philologists this time. His new opus adds little to his previous research in the Mayfair dialect. "Me? I shouldn't know," and "Might have socked a girl to a movie" are about all. Perhaps there isn't any more. Perhaps the language is dying. Perhaps fifty years hence someone will discover a very old, toothless débutante of 1934, the Dolly Pentreath of Mayfair, who alone speaks the Mayfair tongue. By this means it will be preserved alive for all time. God forbid!

What is really interesting, meanwhile, is that the dialect of the *Vile Bodies* vintage, the "sick-making" period, has now seeped down into the easy payment furniture trade, which has taken to putting out advertisements of a bright coyness and a sprightly antiquated diablerie which make our sensitive spine crinkle. Few ads. make us go really hot to read them. These do. When advertisers go arch with us we simply crimson all over, tingle from head to foot, and change the subject. Has this (we ask ourselves) anything to do with our thwarted sex-life? We shouldn't know.

Listen, Miss Europe

"I SHALL certainly not go back behind a shop-counter," said Miss Europe, formerly Miss Finland, an ash-blonde, when they crowned her at Hastings recently amid her fair companions, the Beauty Queens of ten countries.

Listen, Miss Europe, darling. Is that quite wise? We know how you feel now. We should feel just the same, with the plaudits of the mob intoxicating us and the kisses of the Mayor and Corporation still smoking on our flaming cheek. But the mob is changeable, Miss Europe. To-day we are Miss Real Estate

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 17.—Felsted

This is the Public School whose Old Boys' colours are red, blue and gold.

At Felsted, all the little chaps—
In fact, the Juniors—
Parade around in nice school caps
Whilst Seniors wear straws
Which sit so gracef'ly on the pate
Of him who 's nearing man's estate.

At games in general you 'll find
Your Felsted man is keen;
There 's football of the Rugby kind,
And much good play is seen
At hockey, when those out for fame
Will always play a " bully " game.

On Bisley's range the Shooting Eight
Have ere now led the field
And finally brought home in state
The famed Ashburton Shield;
Whilst yet another sport that thrives
At Felsted is the game of Fives.

The re-built Grignon Hall has got
A charm to catch the eye;
But though it may appeal a lot,
One really can't deny
The sight that 's *sure* to banish frowns
Is Lemo-sherbet, down at Brown's.

Though games of many sorts abound,
Work also does its share
In making mind and body sound,
And many will declare
That, looking at it all round, a
Felsteducation leads the way.

B. W.

or the Plumbing Queen. To-morrow—what? Have you ever wondered what becomes of used Beauty Queens, Miss Europe, sweetheart; or old razor blades? Or (if it comes to that) last week's Book of the Month?

We think you would be happier, in the long run, back in Finland, Miss Europe, precious, serving Finns with things—witch-oil, for instance, and little red hats to snare trolls—than wandering about strange countries being kissed by fickle Mayors. That 's no life for a girl, as we have been told by an aunt of ours who used to hang round the Mansion House years ago. She had been the Spirit of Australian Burgundy in the Lord Mayor's procession. He had publicly embraced her, he had become cold, the City Remembrancer used to nip out daily and chase her away, and she eventually died of longing in Cheltenham. Think of that, Miss Europe, love.

Is It Possible?

A PUBLISHER gave a party recently, and we, for various reasons, were there. The literary boys and girls fought round the buffet, as usual, and shrill laughter and high-pitched yells showed that reputations were going at fivepence a bundle. Our wandering eye rested at length, fascinated, on a critic girl who, as every reader of publishers' ads. knows, is perpetually being prostrated by the brilliance of last week's new novel. Every time it grips and shakes and tears and shatters her to bits, leaving her pale and tottering, able only to gasp out " Masterpiece! " and swoon away. We had never seen her before, and there she was among the cocktails, brown and hearty, devouring non-stop sandwiches and laughing away merrily in a deep baritone. She smacked a novelist on the back. We saw him wince.

We said privily to the publisher: " Does she recover so soon? "

" She gets around, boy," said the publisher, rubbing his hands. " She gets around."

No More Wuthering

THE temporary slump in plays about the Brontë sisters—the autumn season has opened without one, so far—seems likely to kill any chance we had of interesting Mr. George Arliss in a new Brontë play of our own.

After some searching for a virgin Brontë theme, we hit on the idea of getting Mr. Arliss to play Charlotte, and making everybody in the play drunk. The only drunk member of the family in preceding Brontë plays has been Branwell. We made them all drunk, and mad about polo, so that Mr. Arliss could wear a helmet. We have seen him in every other kind of headgear except a polo helmet, and we rather based the play on it. Every time our dialogue sagged a bit, Mr. Arliss (Charlotte) said: " What about a sock at the old wooden sphere? " and everybody cheered.

The sub-plot concerned a Japanese horse presented to the Brontë family by a tea-broker in Tokyo. It wandered round and leaned against things, listening to the talk, saying nothing and smiling vaguely. Now that has gone, too. Its name was " Honourable Moonlight on Old Rice."

Silly Story

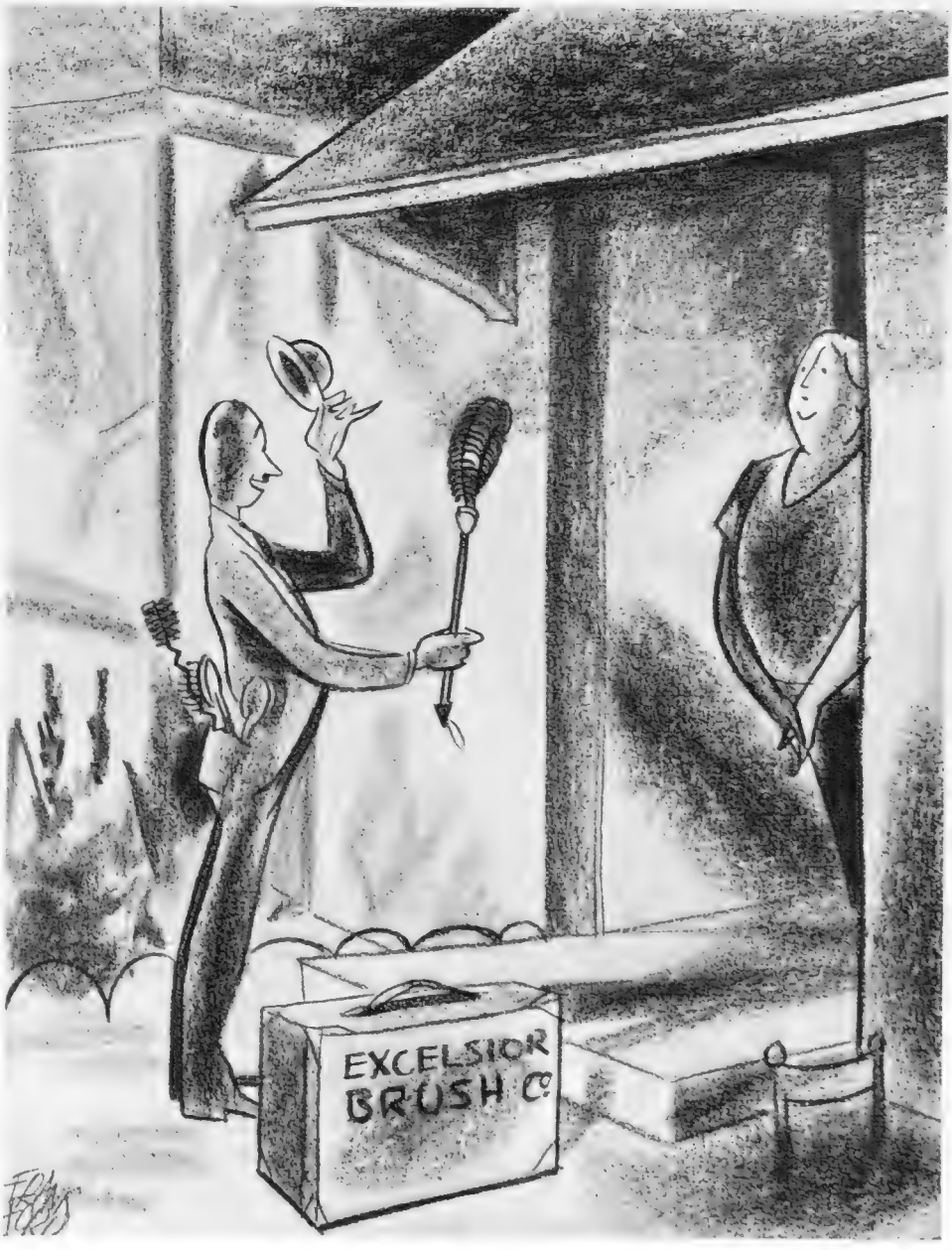
CONNOISSEURS of silly stories may not have heard this one:

Through the thin bedroom wall of a country hotel, a man heard a high, miserable voice wailing at regular intervals of thirty seconds: " I wa-a-ant some waaa-ter! I wa-a-ant some waaa-ter! "

Eventually, driven mad by this, he leaped from his bed, seized the huge water-jug on his wash-hand-stand, burst into the next room, hurled the contents furiously over the dim object in the bed, half-flooding the room, and retired triumphant.

There was a deathly silence for five minutes. Then a high, miserable voice began wailing at regular intervals of thirty seconds: " I 've ha-a-ad some waaa-ter! I 've ha-a-ad some waaa-ter! "

THE BYSTANDERS.



" Madam, I bring you hope "

Left: Evelyn Laye as Irela, the opera singer, in the film version of "Evensong," Beverley Nichols' novel, and Emlyn Williams as the young man who first took her to Paris. "Evensong" is at the Tivoli

"Evensong"

• FILMS of the DAY

"For God's Sake, Sing . . .!"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Of course, we all heard the story, at our mother's knee, about the man who loved and married a plain woman for the enchantment of her singing voice. I do not mean to suggest that the songsters in the prevalent films have nothing but their vocal chords to recommend them, but my title seemed almost inevitable, since there are to consider *Sing As We Go*, Gracie Fields, Mr. Priestley, and the Mayor of Blackpool as good companions; *My Song For You*, Jan Kiepura in good voice and not quite such good photographic settings as in *Tell Me To-night*; lovely Evelyn Laye, ageing before our eyes in *Evensong*; while the stable devotion of audiences who sit through two and even three continuous performances of *Blossom Time* (all Tauber and therefore all song), has put the management of the Regal in a quandary, as they have had to turn away newcomers. Among the best general releases is *We're Not Dressing*, in which Bing Crosby, in a little white sailor's cap, sings to everyone, and even the bear responds! The vocal age!

"Sing As We Go" is definitely a "specialty number," for Gracie Fields' fans. All verve and vitality, the broad vowels and top notes are here in full measure, and Mr. Priestley excels himself in his best and heartiest manner. Congratulations are due to him for having a film "specially written" for Gracie Fields and a play in which Miss Beatrix Lehmann plays the chief part both produced, and acclaimed, in the same week!

And then there is Blackpool; not quite the Blackpool of *Hindle Wakes*, but real and fun-fairish, with a real Mayor playing a most important part in the film. Gracie is a mill-girl and, as mill-girls go, she went to Blackpool, not with her employer's son in search of adventure, but on a bicycle in search of work. And she sang as she went, and when she got there. She found it, and also adventures of the hilarious kind. There is a comic policeman (Stanley Holloway), a mill-manager, and a Bathing Beauty contest winner, and, as these parts are played by John Loder and Dorothy Hyson, you get romance in decorative form. All the ingredients of "popular" entertainment and grand publicity for Blackpool, unless you prefer something quite different.

Blackpool Junketings in "Sing As We Go"

Above is Gracie Fields as a "Krunchy-Wunchy" Girl in "Sing As We Go," her latest film, to which J. B. Priestley contributed the story, Basil Dean the direction, and the Mayor, Chief Constable, and all Blackpool their heartiest co-operation. The film was first shown at the Plaza last week

"Tell Me To-night" had an extremely lukewarm Press and an appreciative public. It was an excellent picture, with brilliant and beautiful photography, an amusing, quick-moving story, light, but not too light, music, good comedy work by Sonnie Hale. It's original drawback was that Jan Kiepura was not then a star. This picture established his international reputation. *My Song For You* is an attempt to do the same thing a second time and reap the benefit of his newly-acquired stardom. But, as so often happens with second helpings, it lacks the savour of the first; but that is not to say that it is not palatable enough.

Kiepura's tenor voice is as pure and true and registers as well as ever. He has a spontaneity which makes his playing of the part of an irresponsible opera singer entirely charming, while Sonnie Hale, as his highly-tried, would-be disciplinarian manager, takes the acting honours, because of his innate sense of comedy.

Aileen Marson, in the rôle of a fluctuating if not fickle heroine, is attractive-looking, and has more than the usual ease and assurance of the girls with, as far as one knows, not much experience, who are given important parts. She is finally saved from a mariage de convenance — so very inconvenient for the principals, as a rule—by the punctual and perfect rendering of song by her gay and musical lover. So, as we began let us end. . . . if it were all so harmoniously arranged in real life, "For God's sake, sing!" Unfortunately, this singing business as often parts lovers as it brings them together. That might be a "theme."

On His Majesty's Service

E

Idols in Wood: No. 15. The Petrels of Politics

A specimen of caricatures in carving by S. D. Banks, showing those two Westminster wonders, Mr. "Jimmie" Maxton, whose pronounced views in no way impair his popularity with all parties, and the Welsh wizard, the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, whose outspoken remarks in his lately published volume of reminiscences are hardly likely to increase the affectionate regard in which he is held by "Brass Hats." Standing about twenty inches high, these figures are carved in wood and coloured by hand. The originals are for sale

GOING OUT to GOINGS - ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Edward Merrett

PRINCESS MARINA, in the social world, and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, in the sporting world, have held our attention all the week. The King and Queen's welcome at Balmoral to Prince George's fiancée has genuinely moved the hearts of the British Empire, which revels in a Royal Romance.

The Prince of Wales still remains on his holiday, having been at Villa d'Este, on Lake Como, and keeping that wonderful brown tan which he got on the beach at Biarritz. What numbers of odes and songs have already been dedicated to Princess Marina! But as yet the one person whom one expects on these occasions to provide the nation with a lyrical outburst, is silent—the Poet Laureate. Perhaps he is in reserve for the wedding.

Thelma, Lady Furness

Thelma Lady Furness, is back in England, like most other people, now. She was sketched at the Café de Paris, wearing a black velvet hat and a striking black lace dress with a sweeping train

How little did we know, before the America's Cup races, about "dousing Genoa jibs" and "setting parachute spinnakers." But now we all trot out our yachting terms most glibly, as though we had sailed on the "J" class of yacht all our lives. The amateur crew of Endeavour have put up a magnificent performance: it is no easy thing to take on a crew of professional Scandinavians, who have been almost born on board those big racing yachts. The enthusiasm with which the victories were greeted in the West End was most noticeable: there is much more genuine sportsmanship lurking about over these yacht races than was ever in the Test Match series this year. Oh, what backbiting has cricket suffered this summer! Even an enthusiast of the type of "Plum" Warner is almost silent on the subject, and shakes his head sadly.

Lili Damita

Lili Damita was on the balcony of the Café de Paris when her picture was made. Her little hat was of black and pink ribbon. Rumours of her engagement are about, but all unconfirmed

SCHOOLBOYS have all gone back to their studies, and Mayfairers are round and about again. I find that the Little Season begins just about the time that Eton goes back after the summer holidays. The weather has been so good that we are all still wearing our summer suits: the end of summer time usually sees the first overcoats of the autumn come out, soon to be followed by our bowler hats when the rainy days start—if ever they do.

At the Savoy Grill recently there was a gathering of the clans: the foyer, I notice, has all been nicely done up—English sycamore and peach-tinted mirrors are features of the decorations.

There had been at least four first nights—the Embassy Theatre, the Vaudeville, Evelyn Laye's film, *Evensong*, at the Tivoli, and Antony and Cleopatra making eyes at each other at the Old Vic.—which reminds me that the Sadler's Wells

First Nights of Last Week: "Nell Gwyn" on the Screen and "Moonlight

The Hon. Mrs. William Garthwaite, Lord Duveen's daughter, was with Mr. Guedalla at the première of "Nell Gwyn," at the Leicester Square Theatre, which was one of the innumerable first nights of last week, and one of the smartest of them

Anna Neagle, who plays Nell Gwyn with the highest of spirits, was at the première with Herbert Wilcox, who directed the film. They both appeared on the stage at the end of the show. Anna Neagle was wearing a bright blue, very full dress

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

opera season opens to-night, and very fine performances do they give, with Covent Garden impresario Geoffrey Toye to direct them.

It was a pity that Evelyn Laye's singing seemed, at times, rather overstrained by the sound apparatus in *Evensong*. Conchita Supervia romped through her part, trilling away merrily and making insolent Spanish gestures. With Mr. Ben Rubenstein, her husband, she came into the grill-room later on, also Ivor Newton, who always accompanies her—on the piano.

Author Beverley Nichols wandered in; meanwhile the Old Vic. had disgorged Major Maurice Baring, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. Duff and Lady Diana Cooper, Lord Ivor Churchill and Mr. St. John Hutchinson, who had taken great interest in Viola Tree's son, David Parsons, who took the part of a Roman soldier, a character which Shakespeare did not usually make very loquacious; Mr. Francis Toye had left his olive groves in Porto Fino to come back for this performance.

Lord Brownlow sat with Mr. Jack Dunfee and Benita Hume, who have for a long time held the long-engagement championship of Mayfair. Fay Compton was there: her brother, Compton MacKenzie, returns this week from Brazil in time for the Siamese Cat Club Show, of which he is the president, and owns at least seven specimens.

Lady Colefax, Lord Birkenhead with Sir Wyndham Portal, Colin Keith Johnston (who is Clive of India across the road), Alice Joyce, who always is cast for parts in the films as an "up-stage" wife, Sophie Tucker, the Nick Prinseps—the presence of all these show that the holiday season is about over. Yet from Mr. Prinsep, who is a partner in a famous Stock Exchange firm of jobbers, I learn that there is one partner whom they can never persuade to take a holiday—Mr. Philip Rhodes. Still, hard as he may work, he cannot compete with Mr. Edward Barford in that respect.

From Venice I hear that the season is over, which leaves the Countess Morosini little to rule over except the gondoliers. Baroness d'Erlanger has left the Casa Rosa, on the Grand Canal, for Paris, taking her daughter, Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge, with her. Lady Charles Cavendish is seen at all the first nights, having returned by way of Fribourg, where the Lord Charles is doing a cure. Mr. Cecil Beaton is back—"Oh, yes; Cecil Beaton is back," as Michael Arlen would say, for he always repeats the last few words of a sentence. The Arlens have gone to Vienna for the winter. Miss Olga Lynn is preparing a fine series of concerts, now that the Palazzo Barbaro, taken by Mr. Odom each summer, is shut up. Where does Mr. Odom go in the winter time? He never seems to cross our path in Mayfair.

Miss Baba Beaton has at last announced her engagement, in a more forcible manner than previously, to Mr. Alec Hambro. What about another Beaton wedding? Surely brother Cecil will not let us down, for Lady Smiley's bridal day was something we always will remember. But Eileen Idare, who did the dresses on that occasion, is now Mrs. Harold Mosenthal, and is out in South Africa with her husband, inspecting the gold- and diamond-mines.

Lord Rothermere has also gone there for six weeks: he was at Quaglino's just before he went, looking remarkably fit and younger than ever.

There was a large crowd at Quaglino's, too, after the first night of *Moonlight is Silver*, which clashed with *Nell Gwyn*, at the Leicester Square. Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, have had their play more or less written for them: it does little else except give them a prolonged lover's quarrel, which we knew they must make up before the end. Mr. "Eddie" Tatham had beautifully bedecked Merle Oberon with orchids (I think we ought to have sent a radio to Hollywood), the Harold Huths were there, and Lady Ashley with Mr. Jim Lawrence. At Quaglino's were parties from the American Embassy, the Italian Embassy, Mr. Haseltine, the famous animal sculptor, and M. Dupuy with his wife, whom we remember as the attractive Californian, Dorothy Spreckles.

The Grosvenor House Follies sent an attractive advance guard over from Paris, where they are now performing: Betty Sundmark, having won £700 of the Monte Carlo Casino's money at trente et quarante, thought it so much better to spend some of it in London that she brought over lovely blonde girl-friend Rosalie Fronson (also a Grosvenor Folly), and the two "did" London—gigantic suite at the Savoy, and so on. Betty Sundmark, who was in the original batch of Les Girls, has so blossomed forth since her last visit

Sasha

Silver" on the Stage

Lord and Lady Jersey arriving at the Queen's Theatre to see the first night of "Moonlight is Silver," the play Clemence Dane wrote for Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Like a good many other first-nighters, they went on to the Savoy

that I foresee a peerage romance as a certainty.

Above, right: Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy (ex-Mayor of New York) Walker were at the "Moonlight is Silver" first night, with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Holloway. Mrs. Jimmy Walker was Betty Compton, and married the ex-Mayor early this year

THE autumn dress show season is well under way. The clever Schiaparelli, who certainly is the bright brain in the dress world of to-day, has just returned from a long tour in Sweden; so also has Mrs. Charles Cartwright. Autumn flowers and fruit have been on view at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's group of greenhouse plants from his garden at Watford were especially lovely; unfortunately, I did not get the chance to sample Mr. Lloyd George's apples from his farm at Churt, nor one of Lord Strathmore's grapes, grown at ghostly Glamis.

WITH the coming of the Rugby football season, the Brasserie of the Piccadilly Hotel comes into its own: there are no finer judges of draught lager than the members of Harlequins, Rosslyn Park, London Scottish, and other famous clubs. It stands on the site of Jimmy's, of Edwardian Bohemian days, when our fathers came home with the milk.

ALL those who remember *The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion* will be interested to hear that the author, Magdalen King-Hall, has just written a book called *Gay Crusaders*, which is actually about the Crusades. In her first book she took in the public and the critics by the seeming authenticity of her diary, but it was entirely fiction.

William Gerhardi has just produced a book about Casanova which shows that the great Venetian lover was not nearly such a wonderful fellow as he made himself out to be. Gerhardi is just as good a judge of pretty women as was Casanova, judging by his companions of the fair sex. He was dancing the other night at the Savoy with Mrs. Fairfield, one of Norman Hartnell's loveliest models. His great work comes out this week, called *Resurrection*, and deals with astral projections.

MR. PEEPS

Miss Baba Beaton

Paul Tanqueray

A new photograph, but not by brother Cecil, of Miss Baba Beaton, whose engagement to Mr. Alec Hambro has just been re-announced. It was first announced in November 1932, after which Mr. Hambro went abroad for some time. He is the only son of Captain Angus Hambro, of Merley House, Wimborne, Dorset. Baba Beaton's sister, Nancy, is now Lady Smiley

"The Double Nelson"
By Matthew Ferrantino (New York)

"The Lan
By Bertram Park (Lon
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London Salon of Photogr
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Up North

Here is the weekly golf bulletin from North Berwick—starring Lord Gainford, ex-Postmaster-General, and ex-Chairman of the B.B.C. before it became a Corporation, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton

This is a less-well-known side of golf—driving the grass-cutting tractor—demonstrated beside the North Sea by Miss Vivian Baker and Miss Primrose Gordon

Lady Caroline Agar, Lord Normanton's third sister, in a fairly orthodox golf pose, was also photographed at North Berwick

Arthur Owen

A Lunch-Time Party on the Hill

Here is a shooting-party—Lord and Lady Wimborne's—at Grantown-on-Spey; the group includes the host and hostess, the Hon. Reggie Fellowes, Major and Mrs. Murrey-Grahame and their son, Mrs. James Beck (sitting down) and Sir Humphrey de Trafford

More Musselburgh faces: Mr. Vivian ried Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, and Miss Ruth all came over from Dalmeny House with

A Scottish Survey from Racing, Golfing and Shooting Angles

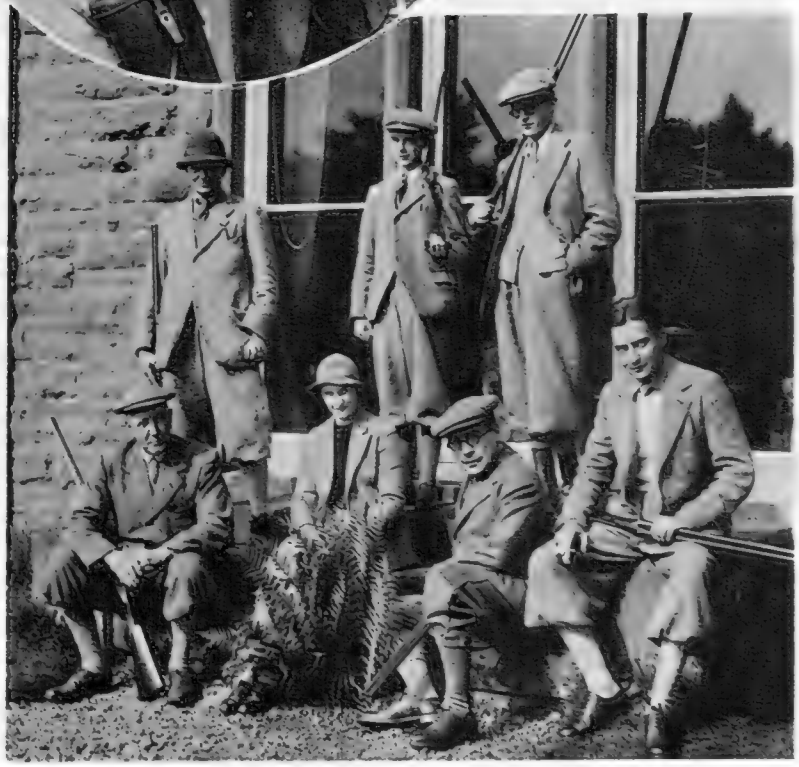
The two at the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban are Miss Biddy Nelson, débutante sister of Mr. Ernest Nelson, of Auchnacloich, and Mr. John Beith, Ian Hay's son

Mackintosh weather at Musselburgh races: Lady Doreen Hope and Mr. Tudsbery were photographed during one of the fairer intervals

This was when the sun came out at Musselburgh: Miss Betty Rumbold (engaged to Mr. Andrew Atha), her brother, Mr. Bob Rumbold, and Miss Joan Grenfell, all North Berwick regulars

Left: Lady Linlithgow, who was at Musselburgh with most of her family, is talking to Lord Digby

Miss Kitty Fullerton, Admiral Sir Eric Fullerton's daughter, and Lady Anne Hope wore their mackintoshes for walking round between races; this was the first day of the Musselburgh Meeting



Last of all, to Achalader, Perthshire, where the Portuguese Ambassador shot with Mr. Harry Hinton. In front: Mr. Hinton, Mrs. Anthony Bezely, H. E. Senhor Ruy Ulrich, Mr. Martin Drummond; behind: Com. Francis Cadogan, David Hotham, Mr. Anthony Bezely

Smith, who mar-
Anne Bentinck,
Primrose. They
Lady Rosebery

A Racing Reverie

After the St. Leger

By "Regular"

Below: Earl Haig and Lady Alexandra Haig and the Hon. Penelope Mills walking round together at the Autumn Meeting at Musselburgh

Big Business at Ayr—

Sir Alfred McAlpine, one of the "Sons" of Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons, and, like his father and brothers, a well-known owner, was at the Ayr Meeting with Lady McAlpine

—And at Musselburgh

Lord Ashfield, Chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board, talking to Mr. Esmond, the well-known French owner, who has a house at North Berwick, and Mrs. Eustace Storey, at Musselburgh

I AM asked what I consider the two most ungentlemanly or unladylike crimes a person can commit in connection with racing, and my answer is that next to "nobbling" the favourite, or "knocking" the lady in the champagne bar (both of which crimes demand no little skill and daring), the worst thing one could do would be to set oneself out to get a man sacked from his job simply because one bore a grudge against him.

NEXT to that, I think it would be very despicable for a big trainer to lay himself out to pinch another man's horse, especially if it was trained by a little man who could ill afford to lose it.

AND now on to more pleasant topics, a really delightful one being that, until I visited the Sales at Doncaster, I did not know that so much money existed in all the wide world. "Oh To Be a Breeder, Now the Slump is O'er," would be a very apt title for the successor to "Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day," which was played incessantly by the band outside the course throughout the meeting.

IF it *had* to play one tune all the time, this band could hardly have chosen a more appropriate one, as, with the Sales morning and evening, the racing regular's day at Doncaster commences immediately after breakfast and goes on till it's so dark that you can't see Mr. Tattersall any longer. Yes, by the time we sat down to dinner a great many big men, too, felt that they'd had a very busy day.

APART from the fact that some over-zealous minor official got the Leger field to the starting-gate a full seven minutes before the advertised time of the race, and the chaotic arrangements for stabling yearlings in the Sale Paddocks, the general arrangements at Doncaster are very good; but this Sale Paddock nonsense must really be put a stop to.

THE final clue of the most complicated treasure hunt is mere child's play compared with the finding of the yearling you want to inspect at Doncaster, and Jack Jarvis assures me that he walked miles and miles searching for these elusive little beasts, and I can well believe it.

AT Deauville, where they do these things so much better (shrieks of "Traitor!" and "Down with the frogs!" and letters from "Britisher"), the yearlings are stabled in numerical order, according to the catalogue, and can be found in a moment, even after the thickest of nights in the Casino.

LAST week I had just time to tell you about the victory of a horse called Windsor Lad, and touch on the subsequent jubilation in the numerous sanctuaries dedicated to the quenching of a well-earned thirst.

THE subsequent racing naturally lacked the glamour of the big race, but it gave us ample opportunity to get into the soup and then get out again, and finally, most people seemed to have won a trifle, though, if a certain bookmaker was really speaking the truth, we should have all won a packet, as he assured me he had not had a winning race all the week.

THE Portland Handicap was the big affair on the Thursday, and, in company with nearly everybody, I hoped that Jack Leach would supplement his Stewards' Cup success with Figaro, but realised that Mr. "Crocker" Bulteel had done his work far too well for anyone to feel the least bit confident about anything.

FIGARO, well ridden by Jelliss, ran a great race, but "Brownie" Carslake and Rosemary's Pet confirmed the Liverpool running, and won a fine race by a head. Brownie's riding of this horse is an inspiration. Like Figaro, Rosemary's Pet must be waited with, and no jockey ever had a more concise knowledge of the exact whereabouts of the winning-post, than "Brownie."

THE Glorneys are so open about their horses that they have only to fancy one for everyone to know about it. If ever a horse went like a winner in the market, that horse was Fox Lair, but in the race she finished last. I am quite sure, however, that on softer going Fox Lair will prove this running to be many pounds wrong.

WHEN "Old Joe" makes the running at a slow pace in a small field, it's usually a pound to a bun on his remaining there "past the stick," so when he sent Foxcroft out six lengths clear in the Park Hill Stakes, those of us who'd laid the odds began counting our winnings. It was not to be, however, for in one of the greatest finishes I have ever seen, Poker got up to win by a short head from Foxcroft, with Short Run another short head behind.

THE Doncaster Cup saw us lay 100-30 on Alcazar, and though, thanks to Childs, he duly won, I think he may have been very lucky to do so, and he gave us heart disease in the process. In another few strides Duplicate would have beaten him, and oh, dear me, we should have been in a mess!

EVERY time I lay long odds, I swear I'll never do it again; but the temptation is irresistible, and I suppose I shall go on doing it till the Mem "hasn't a rag left to her back."

I WAS very hopeful that young Mr. Michael Strutt and my youthful colleague, Mr. Clive Graham, would win the Prince of Wales's Nursery with Bendex, but Lord Derby's Onset "stepped up on recent form," and they had to be content with second place. As I explained to them afterwards, it's a great honour to run second to Lord Derby. Unlike some of my colleagues, I am all for journalists calling horses after their noms de plumes, and my only regret is that one of the high-priced yearlings will not be known as "Uncle Regular."

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Last War a Honeymoon!

By Alan Thomas

"THE BERLIN DIARIES: *the Private Journals of a General in the German War Ministry* (Jarrolds; 18s.), edited by Dr. Helmut Klotz, make racy reading. They cover the period from the fall of Dr. Brüning on May 30th, 1932, to the appointment of Herr Hitler as Chancellor on January 30th, 1933, purporting to give some account of the political scheming and intriguing that went on behind the scenes. The General, whoever he may be, is of an independent turn of mind and expresses his thoughts with vigour. He has no very great admiration for the present rulers of Germany. Hitler's volubility, he says, is surpassed only by his poverty of thought, and if ever he attains power it will be a sign that the Germans have gone off their heads. Goering is a pure gambler. Goebbels is a Mephistopheles, a giant in the art of destruction. Papen is a wooden-headed fool. And so on. Even the Old Gentleman is not immune from the General's vituperative thrusts. As for the Nazis generally, they are just brutes, so much dirt. "I would like to be in power for twenty-four hours," wrote the General on June 24th, 1932, "There wouldn't be a single Nazi left in the whole country."

Incidentally, these diaries confirm a widely held impression that Germany has not turned her back upon the arts of war. The gas factory at Bitterfeld is a miracle of perfection; the training of officers in the Brunswick Flying School goes on vigorously, and the dropping of "mail-bags" is splendid practice: in Eisenach and Plauen the big trench-mortars are magnificent playthings, and the manufacture of new tanks is in full progress, the business being so organised that many of the workers in the firm have not the slightest knowledge of what they are working on; and the Reichswehr is an ideal force, which could easily be multiplied by ten at a day's notice. As the General remarks, "compared to the next war, the World War will seem child's play—almost a honeymoon!" And as Mr. Edgar Mowrer says in the introduction, "sooner or later, if he remains in power, Hitler must make war—provided the other nations do not, by combining, make the futility of war patent to him and his people." All of which is pretty grim.

The English translation of the diaries is adequate, but no more. "In how far this project proceeded . . ." is a phrase which is clearly susceptible of improvement. And I can't say that I much care for the word "heart-uplifting," which occurs more than once in the book.

IN his new novel, *Captain Nicholas* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), Mr. Hugh Walpole has added another portrait to his rogues' gallery. Captain Nicholas himself is, one feels, a pre-destined scoundrel: attractive, handsome, with every opportunity to become as good a citizen as the other members of his middle-class family, he chooses, because he finds it more amusing, to live by his wits. After ten years' happy hunting in the capitals of Europe, he descends, penniless, on the family home in Smith Square. It is a singularly united household. Here in sweet content dwell Nicholas's two sisters, Fanny and Grace, his religiously-minded brother, Matthew, Fanny's easy-going husband, Charles, their three children, and Charles's aged mother. By this unsuspecting circle Nicholas and his small daughter, Lizzie, who accompanies him, are welcomed with more or less open arms. And then the fun begins. The sight of so much family complacency serves but to tickle the Captain's palate. What an enormous joke it would be—just to show them up for what they are! And so he starts, in his own charming and inimitable way, to set them all by the ears. At the end of rather less than a year his object is practically achieved and he has just decided to make Smith Square his permanent home, when—but read the book for yourself and see.

This is not, perhaps, one of Mr. Walpole's major works, but for a study in roguery done for its own sweet sake allow me to introduce with great confidence *Captain Nicholas*.

Tunbridge

Mr. H. K. Hales, M.P.

A pioneer in the Motor Industry, who has been co-operating with the Ministry of Transport in the solution of the road traffic problem. He has lately received many congratulations on the triumphal vindication of his honour in his recent successful appeal against the charges made against him by the Hon. S. K. Sinha, the Chief Magistrate of Calcutta. The case has caused great excitement, and has focussed attention on the grave irregularities in the dispensation of the law throughout India

IN *The Story of My Life* (Vol. I.: Cassell; 18s.) Queen Marie of Roumania tells of her experiences from early childhood to the time of her wedding with "Nando," nephew of King Carol of Roumania, in 1893. In the light of all that has happened since, the events she chronicles seem, indeed, like tales of long ago. We have glimpses of "dear old Grandmamma Queen" seated among her innumerable pictures, prints, statuettes and photographs of "Grandpapa," and almost as shy in the presence of her grandchildren as they are in hers. There are the happy years spent at Malta, where the young Princess's father had his naval command. There are the years of education at Coburg and the Rosenau, and finally, at the age of sixteen, the cruel business of her betrothal, arranged miles above her head, to a young man with whom she was barely acquainted. It was a case of one innocent leading another to the altar, while the powers that be (including the Kaiser, in the ne plus ultra uniform of the Cuirassiers of the Guard) gazed down with stern approval.

There is a sad, wistful and sometimes foreboding atmosphere about this book. The second volume is to appear, I believe, some time in October.

IN the early days of the nineteenth century two sisters, Catherine and Martha Wilmot, daughters of Anglo-Irish parents, visited Russia as the guests of the Princess Daschkaw, a woman of considerable talents and activity. Martha Wilmot spent six years in Russia, and her sister Catherine about two years. During these periods Catherine wrote letters to various of her relations and friends, and her sister Martha, in addition to writing letters, kept a journal. These letters and the journal have reposed for the last thirty years in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. They owe their appearance now largely to the enterprise of the Marchioness of Londonderry, who, with the help of Mr. H. M. Hyde, has edited the volume and written an introduction: *The Russian Journals of Martha and Catherine Wilmot* (Macmillan; 21s.).

Both Catherine and Martha were acute observers and vivacious writers. As guests of the Princess they had ample opportunity for observing Russian contemporary life, its fashionable veneer as well as its underlying cruelty. Open the book where you will and I guarantee you will find something of interest, whether it be amusing or grave.

Picture Gallery

Three Paintings by E. Barnard Lintott

Clown and Butterfly

Peggy, daughter of Sir Richard Cruise

Right: ***Jazz Band***

E. Barnard Lintott, who comes of a Huguenot family settled in England in 1685, is well known as a portrait-painter both in England and America, and pictures of his have been acquired by the British and Victoria and Albert Museums, and the art galleries of Ghent, Aberdeen, Brooklyn, and Sydney, among others. He has been Art Adviser to the "Times," Examiner in Art to the Board of Education, Secretary to Sir George Buchanan when he was Ambassador to Russia, 1915—18, is the author of "The Art of Water-Colour Painting," and, with the late Francis Derwent Wood, was largely responsible for the inception of the Commission of Art. He is holding an exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries, King Street, St. James's, from to-day until October 13th; besides portraits, the exhibition will include paintings of flowers and of the type of subject chosen for two of the pictures on this page

Tartans and Tweeds

The Argyllshire Gathering at Oban

Lord Scone talking to Lady Flavia Anderson; she is English (Lord Halsbury's daughter), but married a Scotsman, Mr. Alasdair Anderson, son of Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Tullichewan Castle, last year

Major Ian Bullough of Inverore, and the Hon. Laurence Methuen, whose wife was the Hon. Olive Douglas Campbell, the late Lord Blythswood's daughter. The Laurence Methuens live at Innischonain, on Loch Awe

Miss Helen Campbell and Mr. James Campbell of Kilberry are twins, and made a joint first appearance at the Oban balls

Above: Lord Thirlestane and Lady Sylvia Maitland, the Earl of Lauderdale's son and daughter, and the Hon. Jock Skeffington, Lord Massereene and Ferrard's son

Left: Miss Elizabeth and Miss Rosemary Ferrier Mackay, who live in Argyll in the summer and America in the winter, looked pretty good in their check suits

Miss Gelda MacGregor of Cardkey, another decoration of the two days' gathering at Oban, wore light grey tweeds

Miss Hersey Baird, Lady Hersey Baird's daughter, is one of this year's Scottish debs, and charming to look at

Fashions By Jean Burnup

Helen MacGregor

MRS. CONRAD VEIDT had her photograph specially taken for the "Bystander" in her mink coat.

Its lustre, its clean, sweeping line, matches her own beauty and distinction.

She comes from Hungary, and met and married her famous husband nearly two years ago. You will see him soon in the Gaumont-British film "Jew Süss."

Tunbridge

GREY moire lamb, deeply cuffed with silver fox.

This was one of the many attractive coats shown at the British Fur Manufacturers' mannequin display, held in connection with National Fur week.

★ BELOW: brown pony, suède belted. Collar, revers and pockets of leopard skin. Very good style. *Revillon,*

Silver foxes—six of a kind, and beauties—make the waist-length cape which you can call a coat if you wish, because clever arrangement of the skins forms armholes and sleeves. Worn with a silver fox muff. *Bradleys.*

★ THE mink cape below has distinction and elegance. The collar rolls, the skins are worked vertically, in a new manner, the colour is a rich dark brown.

The coat is silky broadtail, dyed brown, seven-eighths length, with a slight swing to it. The neat collar and cuff trimming is ermine, dyed brown. Both models from *Debenham and Freebody.*

Talking About Furs

LONG, long ago, men lived in caves. They had no inhibitions; and expressed themselves rather freely.

Hollywood, through certain husky stars, typed these men as the ultimate attraction to women, and although the once significant term "cave man" has since grown long hairs, the idea persists.

Women may remember that the feminine of the species wore an animal's skin, presumably for warmth and adornment.

That idea also persists.

But, ladies, we have something a little more luscious in furs to show you to-day. Indeed, we have never had anything quite so luscious in warmth and adornment.

We can show you sable capes that make you realise that you 've never really seen a sable cape before. Luxurious mink coats, with great flattering collars, and intricate working to make you wonder where they have been all your life. Ermine, always one of our best friends, because it wraps so softly and kindly round us, cleverly dyed and subtly seamed into patterns that are an eyeful in themselves.

As for foxes, the little foxes, they 've never worked harder for us. They are draped, looped, twisted, dipped, joined, three, four, five, sometimes six of them. They make capes, for day and evening, circular, voluptuous, dipping, in the old-fashioned way, at the back. Or, by a movement, a turn and a fastening they are coats which will enrich every occasion the winter through.

Broadtail, sleek and silky, dyed brown or black, is tremendously popular. Dyed navy, it has a special elegance. And glossy brown ponyskin gallops along closely beside it as one of the best of the tailored furs.

All the "flats" are high in favour this autumn, for short, three-quarter, seven-eighths and long coats, and for trimming cloth coats.

Nutria, beaver, caracul, broadtail, leopard, astrakhan wander about the cloth in new ways. Black sealskin forms collar, revers and runs down the front of a black woollen. On another, nutria starts in a flat collar at the back, stops on both shoulders to make room for five deep pleats in the cloth, continues into a deep cravat at the neck and makes enormous muff-ish cuffs.

Sealskin, black and bronze, is as smart as it used to be in grandmother's day, and rightly, because it is lovely to look at, and as for wear, it has often outlived grandmother.

Muffs, all shapes, all sizes, are most definitely with us. J.B.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Signs and Portents

The opening of the "Rugger" season in London. A Blackheath player gets away with the ball in the match against Rosslyn Park

Below: a Blackheathen well tackled by a Rosslyn Park player in a match played at the Rectory Field, when the home side won by 8 points to 4

RATHER reluctantly, I watched my first game of Rugby football this season—Blackheath and Rosslyn Park, it was—on a summer afternoon so humid, so steamily hot, that the Rectory Field might have been a mangrove swamp.

I must admit, though, that we had an entertaining match, largely because we watched it in rural informality from the touch-line. It is too late now to say much about it, and, indeed, I find it more than ordinarily burdensome to think clearly about the opening games of the season.

They are evocative; they put us in the right frame of mind for enjoying Rugby football, but to consider them analytically is exceedingly difficult. Perhaps this is merely one of my many peculiarities, but these early matches slip by me in a series of pictures. Even the approach to them is little more than an extension of memories—that glimpse of funnels and masts from the train at New Cross, for instance; the four-wheeler which waits so patiently outside Blackheath Station; the wide road across the heath, and those football pitches there, so strenuously in use.

And then the match itself: here are the forwards, pounding away again as if no summer had intervened: there goes Aarvold, with long stride and head thrust forward, and there, Woodhouse, of the Park, that ageless scrum-half, does the work of three good men.

THERE is no denying that it has firm hold upon us, this winter game of ours. For representative football I do not at the moment give a fig: it is the raw stuff of club matches which beckons, with all its clumsiness and blunders. Never mind about the finer points, the theoretical niceties. What matters is that forwards should still go storming into the ruck: that we should still see falling and tackling and the piston-blow hand-off. This is the basic material, and it is as good, as whole-hearted as ever it was. Upon it we may superimpose our theories and our niggling criticisms to our hearts' content.

We may say complacently that mid-field play is not what it was, and I think that is true, but I watched the struggle between Blackheath and Rosslyn Park from the touch-line, and was reminded of the player's angle of vision. From the high 'vantage point of the stand, you may see an opening wide as a barn door, but it is only from the field itself that you can tell how swiftly that opening closes. A pace here, a yard there, and running becomes folly, but the spectator will curse the man who kicks. And the man who holds on too long, may he not be forgiven for attempting to take the chance which only he could see in a split-second of movement?

Tolerance, therefore, is, I suggest, the order of the day, if only we are satisfied that our basic material is wisely used. And here I am bound to add that a heavy, alert pack with a clever hooker—the Rosslyn Park pack, for example—which does not know how to wheel, is wasting material grossly.

LET us pause for a moment, though, and consider young players. There is E. J. Unwin, the Rosslyn Park and Army right wing, for one. He shapes well, this Unwin, and doubtless the Selectors will keep their discriminating eyes upon him. L. S. Bailey and D. T. Kemp, of Blackheath—there are two forwards who are setting a course for the England side. J. Heaton, the Liverpool University centre, has already been scoring brilliant tries—do you remember him in the Final trial at Twickenham last year?

THERE will be plenty of talent behind the scrummage in England this winter. A. L. Novis is fit again, and J. A. Tallent is always in the running—here are a pair of centres, if Cranmer and Gerrard fail us. We shall hear more of K. C. Kinnersley, the young Bristol full-back, if I am not much mistaken, and Leyland is another centre, crocked last season, who may set us talking.

The weak link is at stand-off half, for we may assume that B. C. Gadney will be as strong and efficient as ever at scrum-half. But our stand-off half is a problem. Is T. J. M. Barrington, now captain of Bristol, to return to the England side with those corkscrew runs of his?

IF I had a son who showed signs of becoming a player, I should wish him to be a stand-off half. There are possibilities of greatness here: the time is ripe for another Adrian Stoop to lead us out of the wilderness. Between back-row forwards who are merely spoilers and a lack of direction from the spear-head of attack, we fall into sad mediocrity. It may be that the day of deliverance is at hand: let it come, at any rate, before the All-Blacks fall upon us.

There is one stand-off half of genius now playing—C. M. Jones, of Wales. How good it would be if he could be given his opportunities behind linking forwards and a swift scrum-half. Last winter he had no one to partner him efficiently. The ball did not come to him with accurate speed and distance: he was left to carve what openings he could by his own individual brilliance. Here is a problem for Cambridge and Wales. Jones, if his ankle is sound, should be the king-pin of their attack. If they are wise they will play up to him. We are ready enough, the rest of us, to learn and admire.

WHAT is there left to say, so early in the season? That the simplification of the scrummage laws seems to be working smoothly? That the Rugby Union have puzzled us by a mysterious pronouncement upon what we must call foreign relations? Here, I think, we touch upon something worth comment, and it is at least satisfactory to know that the Rugby Union do not intend to extend their list of international engagements, whether it be France or Germany or America that enthusiasts would have us play. I do hope, though, that our rulers will, in future, take care to be a little more explicit in their public statements. We are not inquisitive, but we do like to know exactly where we are.

Some Competitors in the "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship

Caught in the swing round about Stoke Poges by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

Left: Miss Angela Noble in her kilt

Mr. W. B. Torrance watching Nancy Jupp win the Championship

Left: Mr. Raymond Oppenheimer shows the girls a new kind of head-gear

Miss Joan Montford, the cheerful runner-up

Mr. R. H. de Montmorency refereed the final

Left: Little Nancy Jupp, the winner, with her lucky piece of heather at the back

Left: Miss B. Norris, of Bramley, knocking her head back

Miss Laurien Beesley with some "follow through"

Right: Miss Pam Shand on her toes

Right: Miss Thelma Ramsay has another year to go

Right: Miss Patience Low rocking on her feet

Left: Little Mary Mulcaster, of Crewe

Left: Miss Enid Wilson presents the Girls' Championship Cup to Miss Nancy Jupp after her victory over Miss Joan Montford at Stoke Poges

Women's Golf:

The Sixteenth Girls' Open Championship

Promoted by the "Bystander."

Chapter Two

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FORGIVE me if my breath is rather taken away. Say what you will, it is disconcerting to find the youngest competitor of any Girls' Championship winning it; when that youngest is only thirteen and three-quarters it is almost staggering, even if most of the seasoned old stagers of last year were absent. And I do want so badly to get a proper sense of proportion over this matter, because, frankly, some people, mostly non-golfers, have quite lost their heads about it, which is the surest and cruellest way of turning the winner's. It will be cruel, nothing short of it, if so good a golfer as little Miss Nancy Jupp should be spoilt by success, because she has all the makings of a golfer of the first rank. But makings are not the same thing as made; a perfect swing and an excellently determined, unself-conscious temperament may both be spoilt if too much is made of either. Moreover, remarkable as the golf was, and undoubtedly the best played at Stoke in all the sixteen years of the event, if the age of the new champion is taken into the reckoning, it could not possibly be compared with the stuff that Miss Jessie Anderson put up last year, when she was close down to an average of fours for all her rounds; Miss Nancy never broke forty for the first nine holes, the 38 of some estimates giving her a fancy figure at one hole where she had only driven.

Please don't think I am belittling Miss Nancy's golf. She has a delightful swing, with plenty of pace at the right moment; consequently, she makes the ball travel as well as the club-head; she plays a nice straight iron shot with the only iron she carries, and a pretty pitch up to the hole (let us draw a veil over the one at the ninth in the final). Moreover, she strikes the ball smoothly and yet firmly on the green.

But to speak of her, as yet, in the same breath as Miss Jessie Anderson or Miss Pam Barton, even leaving out of account other older giants, is just ridiculous, and unfair on everybody concerned. I do not say she might not, once in twenty times, maybe, beat one of those if she caught them on an off day, but that would be because they were obsessed with a nervous dread, a feeling that it would be an everlasting disgrace if they should chance to be beaten by anyone so young and small, with the result that they would fail to concentrate.

THAT brings me to the second thing which must be said before we come down to details of the last two days' play—

Miss Rhoda Jupp (Longniddry), elder sister of the winner, and Miss E. M. W. Browne (Basingstoke)

and that is, congratulations to all the older golfers, notably Miss Joan Montford, runner-up, for the perfect way they all took their beatings. It cannot have been easy. It must have been difficult even to play well, with that relentless little lady always on your heels, taking chances offered or making them for herself, and it must have been extraordinarily hard to fight the knowledge that everybody wanted the baby of the Championship to win. Yet Miss Mary Cowan, Miss Patience Low, Miss Norris and Miss Montford all took their beatings with a smile and never a grumble. That is what has always been the tradition of the Girls' Championship, and if it ever ceased to be so it would be time for the event to shut up shop; but all the same, it was good to see what good losers they all were, beginning with Miss Betty Frost (everyone is still commiserating with her), and ending with Miss Montford. I never saw a pluckier golfer than Miss Montford. Miss Enid Wilson, when she gave away the cups with such a delightful little speech, mentioned her courage very specially, and no wonder. The shot out of the seventeenth ditch alone would have earned her the epithet "as brave as a lion." She has not the perfect style of Miss Nancy, having a tendency to over-swing with wood, and her iron play is not fully developed yet, but her pitch and run, a valuable shot at North Foreland, is played with real control. She seemed to be having the hardest of luck over long putts that went into the hole only to come out again, which can be interpreted to mean that she is a very good approach putter indeed. But, best of all is her pluck, for which the gallery undoubtedly took her to their heart. She is too old to have another try—a pity, since there is no knowing what having a little more time for the game now might not do for her, but there it is. As for Miss Nancy Jupp, she can still be winning the Girls' Championship in 1940!

NOW to get back to the second morning, with a passing word for a splendid dance, full of life and go, at Stoke Court the evening before. Present fashions really are very charming, and competitors looked even nicer than they had done on the course, which is saying plenty.

The third round began with something of a surprise, the defeat of Miss Rhoda Jupp. She is three years older than her sister, has an L.G.U. handicap of seven, is in the habit of giving her a third, and was popularly supposed to be a likely winner. Miss Peggy Falkner, who beat her on the last green, is an excellent hitter of a long iron shot, though, to be critical, there is perhaps a trifle too much sway (as opposed to pivot) with wood. She had some valuable putts at the twelfth and

Miss Angela Noble (Hindhead), who appears to favour the kilt, at the finish of a drive

thirteenth, and then Miss Rhoda destroyed herself very lucklessly at the fourteenth, where she recovered so well from the bunker she had driven into that she reached another apparently right out of range. Behind them came Miss Montford, winning 3 and 1 from Miss Dorothy Thomson, who could not get the touch of the greens. That was small wonder, for she had been given two walk-overs by sick opponents and so was making her first Championship appearance. Miss Brenda Norris made the most of chances given her by Miss Laurien Beesley's fit of head-lifting, and won by 3 and 2, and Miss Nancy Jupp won a great match 3 and 1 from Miss Patience Low. It was rare golf. The winner had the fifth and sixth in 4 apiece (the sixth via two bunkers and a holed chip) and the seventh in 2, but when she holed another chip after a 3 at the eleventh, Miss Low retaliated with a long putt for a 2 of her own, which squared the match. Miss Low is a very good putter with that nice old wooden weapon, but it was Miss Nancy's morning out with a vengeance; she was practically on both fifteenth and seventeenth in two shots, and won both in 4, and the match 3 and 1.

IN the top semi-final there was some very good putting from Miss Falkner, but Miss Montford refused to be alarmed by being two down. Actually it was when she was two up that she faltered, and paid for it by having to take the long, hot walk down the nineteenth for her win. In the other semi-final Miss Nancy Jupp really played delightful golf, with her third two of the Championship at the seventh, but to say that she was out in 38, as so many folk did, was a trifle fanciful, for at the fourth she did not play any shot beyond the drive, Miss Norris having gone twice out of bounds. What Miss Nancy did do was to take the other eight holes of the outward half in 33, so good that it was a pity to tack on an entirely hypothetical 5 and make it 38. She turned 5 up, and finished the match 6 and 5, her second at the thirteenth, heedless of a hampering hawthorn, being as good a shot as the week saw from anybody. When Miss Nancy topped two shots at the first hole in the final an almost audible shudder ran round the crowd. But it was a very small and temporary crack, for she then won the second, the fourth, and the fifth, and halved the third in a perfect 3 which did the utmost credit to both of them. The sixth was Miss Montford's hole, richly deserved for a grandly struck shot up to the hole with wood, and the seventh a half again in faultless 3's. Equally good was Miss Nancy's 4 at the eighth, and Miss Montford's 4 at the ninth, out in 42 and 44, and Miss Nancy 1 up. A most perfect pitch and run, resulting in a 4, won her the tenth, Miss Montford sadly squandering a fine drive by just overrunning the tricky green. It was she, though, who won the eleventh, but Miss Nancy had 4's at twelfth and thirteenth, the latter a fine half for Miss Montford, who had to putt second. Full of fight, the North Forelander won the fourteenth and halved the sixteenth, but Miss Nancy was as near as nothing on the green in 2 at both fifteenth and seventeenth and, with a four at each of them, won a splendid final by 3 and 1.

Above, left: Miss Peggy Walker (North Forcland); and above, right: Miss Dorothy Thomson (George Watson's Ladies)

Miss Joan Montford (North Forcland), a gallant and sporting loser to Miss Nancy Jupp in the final round of the Championship

VAST enthusiasm for both players, and Miss Enid Wilson to give away the prizes, with Mr. Mobbs to say all sorts of nice things. For the first time since Stoke Court gave us that lovely Cup for the last survivor, both finalists were staying there, and so Miss Nancy went back to Longniddry with both Cups. And it would be safe to say that nobody, least of all the five players she had beaten, grudged it her.

Miss Waveney Beesley won the Greigs Cup with four down.

Never have I found more noble collectors for the National Playing Fields Association than Miss Brenda Norris and Miss Jean Hayes; with the dash and persistence of any highwaymen, they extracted no less than three pounds eight shillings from the final gallery.

THERE is no space for comment, but isn't it good news that the British team did so satisfactorily against Canada at Toronto? Seven to two is quite a heartening preliminary to the International v. U.S.A.

And isn't Mrs. Hugh Percy a wonder to win the Northern Championship at Carlisle and Silloth? This multi-Northumberland Champion has been playing tennis all summer, and it wasn't yesterday she won the Scottish. Hats off to her for a real sportsman!

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Patience Low (Aberdovey) driving from the eleventh tee. She was beaten in the third round by the ultimate winner

Mr. C. K. Cotton (former Secretary of Stoke Poges and now Secretary of Oxhey), an interested spectator with Colonel Walker, the new Stoke Poges Secretary

Events of the Flying Season

By Charles Ward

The Countess of Haddington travels by air in Scotland. The 'plane is a de Havilland Speed Fox, and on the right is Flight-Lieut. Russell, who is air superintendent of S.M.T., with headquarters at Edinburgh

Flying at Sywell, the aerodrome for the Northants Club. From l. to r., the Misses Zillah Grey, C. Thorpe-Bates, Cynthia Pullen, Betty Soans, and Jill Haselwood, with Sid Jackson, the dirt-track rider, E. D. Wynn and Geoffrey Linnell

Light 'Plane News

THE Miles "Hawk," piloted by Neville Stack, has been breaking records to Copenhagen and back—a distance of 1400 miles. Average flying speed worked out at nearly 140 miles an hour, the round trip being accomplished in 10 hours 50 minutes. The particular Hawk used, which had a Gipsy Major engine, was specially equipped for a long journey, and the flight in each direction was made non-stop. It is difficult to decide when a light 'plane becomes too heavy to be classed as a light 'plane, and, in fact, any single-engined aeroplane used for private flying or as an air taxi, seems to meet the specification. The Fox Moth, for instance, used by John Grierson to cross the Atlantic, is a light 'plane within the meaning of the term. Like Jean Batten, who flew to Australia, John Grierson made three attempts in the "Robert Bruce" before he achieved his object—that of crossing via the Arctic route, which included a stage of 260 miles over Greenland's icy mountains at a height of 11,000 feet. The Brooklands School was at home on Saturday last to some German pilots, who flew over for the 500 miles' race. This visit was particularly welcome as the number of British air tourists who go abroad is far in excess of the number of foreigners who fly here, which is bad for trade. Only last week, nine privately owned British light 'planes arrived in Budapest for the Magyar Pilota Pic-Nic, which, according to the programme, seemed a very fair excuse for a party. It is said that people from sunny climes visit England to enjoy the grey skies, the rain, even the fog, so why not plan a damp week-end for the pilots from Spain and Italy?

Air Lines at Home and Overseas

THE approach of winter in England is marked by the cessation of much activity on the air routes, services to many holiday resorts being cancelled and the timing of others altered to suit the shorter hours of daylight. Some day, when England is made safe for night flying, the seasonal change will not be so marked. One new air line has been started recently and may be operated through the winter—that from Aberdeen to Glasgow. Two services a day are flown in each direction, using the Short "Scion," an efficient high-wing monoplane carrying five passengers and luggage, with no more than 180 h.p. The Monospar, which won the King's Cup, is to be used in Australia for high-speed services between the principal cities by Oceanic Airways. This is a new company, with the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes as Chairman, which has behind it the British Pacific Trust, the concern which purchased Hanworth. Interesting developments may be expected from General Aircraft, proprietors of the Monospar patents, as a result of the engagement of Mr. D. L. Hollis Williams as chief engineer. He was, until recently, with Faireys and responsible for the design of the R.A.F. monoplane which broke the world's long-distance record. Flight-Lieut. Schofield took part in the Army manœuvres last week as an ambulance pilot, using a Monospar S.T.10 to carry the stretchers and nurse.

Around the Airports

STATISTICS from Heston reveal a sensational increase in traffic of all kinds since last year. The number of people clearing Customs during the period May to August has been nearly 8000, which is a 500 per cent. increase over last year's figure and nearly ten times as many as in 1931, when the Airport was first opened. During August alone, 3284 aircraft took off and landed at Heston. A total of 1766 hours' instructional flying is recorded during the same period of four months. Mr. S. G. White is en route to Australia, flying the same Gipsy Moth that was used on a flight through Russia by the Hon. Mrs. Montagu and Mr. Rupert Belville. Miss Slade and Mr. Dugald Macpherson have returned from Warsaw, where the latter's sporting entry as the only amateur pilot in the International Touring Competition was greatly appreciated. The competition was won by Captain George Bajan, flying an R.W.D.9, a development of the same type which secured the Challenge Cup for Poland in 1932, when piloted by Swyrko. There can be scarcely any countries where Moths and Dragons are not flying. Two of the latter type left for Mascot Aerodrome, Sydney, last week—they will be used on one of the new routes to be operated by C. A. Butler, who, it will be remembered, flew a Comper Swift to Australia some time ago. The Aero Club of Andalusia has acquired a standard Moth; a Leopard has just departed for Rhodesia and Nyasaland Airways, and a Fox Moth, fitted as a seaplane, for use on the Irrawaddy Delta. Flight-Lieut. Bindley and his engineer have taken delivery of four Moths for the Bombay Flying Club. M. Georges Descamps—not Carpentier's late manager, but the Algerian agent for de Havillands—has just arrived with one of the three Dragons owned by M. Jacques Germain for its annual overhaul by the service department.

The Centenary Air-Race Banquet

THE Royal Aero Club, on behalf of the Melbourne Centenary Committee, has undertaken the official arrangements for the England-Australia air races, which are scheduled to start from Mildenhall Aerodrome on October 20th. Fifty-nine entries for the races, which are already assuming importance as the greatest international sporting events in the history of aviation, are still valid. The Club will hold a banquet at Grosvenor House, on Friday, October 12th, to welcome and entertain all pilots taking part. Tickets are a guinea, and members may bring guests, including ladies.

Fisherman's Luck . . .

When bites are few and far between there's solace in a spot of Schweppes. Fresh and bubbling as the stream, buoyant as the float, smooth yet lively — like the fish themselves — that's Schweppes.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

A Famous Cricketer Weds

D. R. Jardine, the former England Captain and late Captain of Surrey, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after his marriage to Miss Margaret Irene Peat, younger daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Peat

A Derby Winner in Bronze

Mr. Ward Willis, the famous equestrian sculptor, seen at work on his model of that great horse, Windsor Lad, owned by Mr. Martin Benson, with C. Smirke up. This work has been commissioned by a well-known racing patron, and the horse and his jockey will ultimately figure in bronze

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WELL, the cricket season is over and we are now well down to more strenuous business on Rugby and "Soccer" fields. Yet, for the much-criticised M.C.C.—do you remember the infernal hullabaloo over Larwood, Voce and the rest?—there is plenty of work ahead. It is the task of finding a team to win back the Ashes from Australia a couple of years hence.

We are seeing their first moves in this team-building task. Although, as yet, no official announcement has been made, I am able to state on reliable authority that several youngsters new to international cricket will be given their chance in the Tests against the West Indies this winter.

The M.C.C. team, which leaves England about the middle of December for the sunshine and splendour of the West Indies, will play thirteen matches. Four of them will be Tests, and while these games cannot equal the fire and fury, as it were, of tussles with Australia, they will certainly show which of our young men have the big-match temperament.

A funny thing is temperament in sport, by the way. Some fellows thrive on the big occasion—Herbert Sutcliffe, for instance, is a 100 per cent. better batsman in a Test than he is when playing in a county game—while others, on the other hand, seem to go to bits.

However, in the West Indies we 'll be seeing the stuff of which such promising players as Smith, the Middlesex fast bowler, and Paine, the Warwickshire spin specialist, are made. They will be making the tour, I am told, as will Farrimond, probably the best wicket-keeper outside county cricket.

Farrimond is in a peculiar position. He is a brilliant wicket-keeper and a reliable batsman, but, with the diminutive Duckworth performing behind the Lancashire stumps, he has to be content with a place in the northern county's second eleven. Yet I venture to suggest that it will not be so many seasons before we see Farrimond keeping for England—and keeping in the best tradition.

The M.C.C. have, perhaps, made one selection which cannot have much bearing on future Tests with Australia. They have selected Patsy Hendren, who cannot hope to be in the touring team "Down Under" in two years' time. But Patsy wins his place all right: he seems to be the Peter Pan of cricket. Those who doubt me should have seen him at the Oval, a day or so ago, swarming up an iron stanchion in an effort to retrieve a ball which had been swung into the pavilion awning by a mighty swipe from Iddon, the Lancashire batsman!

Leyland is also likely to be included in the side for the West Indies tour. What a great batsman is this broad-shouldered, stout-forearmed left-hander from the Broadacres. This season he has been England's supreme player; he has shown the chief quality of greatness—refusal to be intimidated in the face of adversity. I still carry pictures, in my mind's eye, of Leyland batting with his back to the wall in that last tragic Test at the Oval, and, too, of his classic stand with Ames in the Lord's match.

BUT now it 's good-bye to cricket and on to more seasonable games. And straightway crops up the question: is Rugby really "in season" just now? Well, after a chat or two with some of our leading club players I am wondering whether the Union would not be well-advised if they made the first week in October the official "Off" for the game. Bone-hard grounds and September sunshine are all against good Rugby; and already the crop of casualties has reached serious proportions.

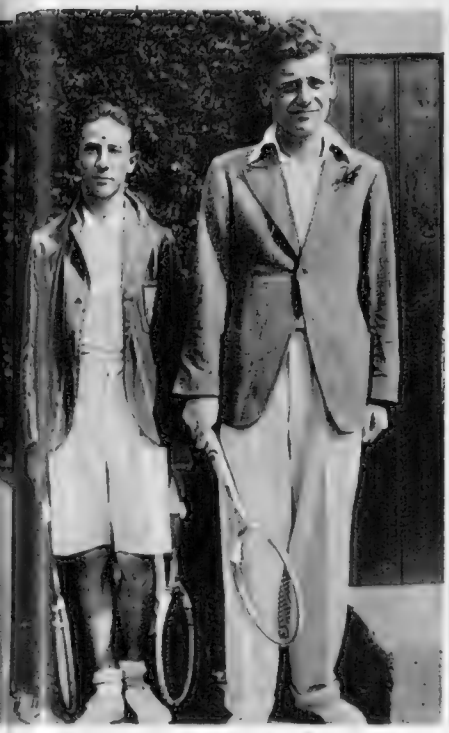
Is it worth while, I ask, for a player to risk an injury that may spoil his fun for the whole season? You really can't blame a fellow for not going all out these days: a flying tackle, a crash on ground as hard as concrete, and you may end your playing days for one season, at least!

Still, there it is, your dyed-in-the-wool "Rugger" man wants to be up and doing. And with some of the county unions arranging early matches you can safely bet that there are youngsters eager to show off their paces as soon as they can.

Writing of county games, I see that Yorkshire are to take a firm stand regarding the presentation of county caps. The hard-headed men from the north believe, and rightly so, that to award caps for every friendly match is going a bit too far—in fact, it is making the winning of a cap a bit too cheap. So, in future, Yorkshire intend only to cap those players who appear in County Championship matches.

That is a step in the right direction. Now I am waiting to hear of a county bold enough to adopt a rigid rule regarding the qualifications of its players. There is too much laxity in this rule: indeed, the curious position often arises of men qualified to play for two counties—and who very often do! I would like to see the residential qualification wiped out completely, and a rule brought in that a man can only turn out for the county of his birth.

But that is a long way off, I 'm afraid, especially as the Home Unions seem to twist the qualification rule pretty well to suit themselves. Isn't there the case of the very excellent H. G. Owen-Smith, who, you must know, played cricket for South Africa and then, by a strange metamorphosis, became a true-born Englishman on the Rugby field! Or, again, wasn't it A. Vaughan-



Rising Talent on View at Wimbledon

Robert E. Mulliken (right), the young Channel Islander, winner of the Boys' Singles Championship, seen with Gerard O'Connor, Junior Champion of Kent, runner-up at the All-England Club

Above: Daphne Rowe, aged sixteen, winner of the Girls' Singles Championship at Wimbledon. She was also the winner of the Schoolgirls' title and captains her school, Eversley, at games

Right: Miss Gladys G. McAlpine, elder daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady McAlpine, of Wrexham, the well-known lawn tennis player, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Brutton, of Southsea, has been announced

Lawrence L. Bedford, the England "Rugger" International in 1931, and his bride, Miss Nancy Nelson, leaving St. Michael's Church, Headingley, after the marriage

Below: Mrs. Cosens (formerly Miss Violette Lermitte), wife of Captain F. R. S. Cosens, 1-4 Prince of Wales Own Gurkha Rifles, with her polo pony at the Equestrian Club, Richmond

Jones who blithely played in a Welsh trial and turned out for England in the same season? Well, I ask you. . . .!

By the way, Vaughan-Jones, who has been so long out of Rugby, owing to serious injury, returns to the game next month. He is to be vice-captain of Portsmouth Services.

AND now to boxing, with a word or two about a young man who may yet be Britain's heavy-weight Champion. This promising fighter is Dave McCleave, the Amateur Boxing Association's welter-weight title-holder. Last Sunday McCleave made his début as a professional at the Blackfriars Ring against Tommy Marren, the Northern welter-weight Champion.

McCleave still has something to learn, of course, for the difference between amateur and professional boxing is greater than most folk would think. He may be defeated more than once during his rise to the top of the fistic tree, but whenever I have seen him he has always shown the makings of a champion. Defeats will do him good—even the brilliant Jack Petersen would have been better for a reverse or so early in his career—just as they tempered the steel of Jack Dempsey when he first went into the fight game.

In McCleave I see the successor to Petersen, who, I am given to understand, will make a much earlier retirement from the ring than most men. Petersen has already amassed a modest fortune, and in another couple of years will probably be able to sit back and take life comfortably. His career has been wisely mapped out for him by his father, as shrewd a manager as any champion could wish to have.

There is the Carpentier-Descamps affinity about the methods of the two Petersens. They know each other through and through; indeed, watching "Pa" Petersen, as he is called, at the ring-side during one of his son's big fights, I have been struck by his intense concentration. He is *in* the ring with his son, taking the blows and giving the blows with him.

Curiously enough, though, it was Petersen's father who very nearly lost the Welshman's first heavy-weight championship fight! It was at Wimbledon Stadium, in the first round of the contest against Reggie Meen. A rip-rapping first round it had been, with Meen swaying dangerously after a characteristic right-hand punch from Petersen.

There was pandemonium. The crowd was cheering wildly. Amid the din, Petersen's father started to climb into the ring, thinking that the gong had gone to end the first round. It hadn't. Happily, "Pa" Petersen was pulled down from the ropes just in time. Had he climbed into the ring, Mr. Jack Smith, the referee, would have had no option but to disqualify Petersen. Boxing rules are rigid on this point, that if a second enters the ring before the gong goes, then his man is automatically disqualified.

Still, a quick grab at "Pa" Petersen's pants saved his son from losing the title. In the next round, of course, young Petersen just waded in and smashed Meen down—and out.

The Best Golfer of the Year: By F. G. L. Fairlie

Right: Mrs. Albert Ryan, wife of the Captain of Portmarnock Club, presenting the Championship Cup to H. Thompson (Williamwood), the winner of the Irish Amateur Open Championship, who defeated H. G. Bentley (Birkdale) at the sixteenth

The Irish Amateur Open Championship at Portmarnock

On the Gleneagles Hotel Links

Gleneagles Hotel continues full of players attracted there by the tennis courts and golf links. Above are four participants in the latter game: Mr. Roger Percival, Mr. C. Forrester, Miss Olive Robins, and Colonel I. Guthrie

The "Kent Cob" Competition at Knole Park

R. G. de Quincy (Aldeburgh), J. P. Marston (South Hants), A. R. W. Lowe (Aberdovey), K. B. Scott (Crowborough), and N. S. Mitchell-Innes (Wentworth). K. B. Scott and J. H. Donaldson (Wilderness) tied

It falls to the lot of very few men to prove themselves the undisputed champion of the year in any game. I suppose that Tilden might have claimed, when he was still an amateur and the Wimbledon champion, that he was about as good as anybody. At golf there is, of course, the immortal case of Bobby Jones, who established himself as being quite unbeatable, both in America and in England (when all is said and done, the only two countries which count where golf is concerned), by winning both the Open and the Amateur Championships of each country in the same year. But Bobby Jones has been acknowledged, even by those who persist in saying that golf is not so skilful a game nowadays as it used to be (and I have a sneaking feeling that they are just about right), as being something so completely out of the ordinary that he cannot be compared with any other of the great names of golf. Harold Hilton won both the British Amateur and the British Open on more than one occasion, but he never achieved the double triumph in one year. John Ball is just another most illustrious example of the same failure. These were great men—let there be no mistake about that—but they were great in the company of five or six other players of their time. They were not, by their achievements in any single season, very obviously the greatest of the year.

Two young men, however, have made 1934 a year which will be remembered in their respective games, vintage years in the fullest sense of the term. I am referring, of course, to Perry's tremendous effort in being the Australian, Wimbledon, and American champion of tennis all at the same time, and also to Lawson Little, of California, who has just added the American Amateur Championship to the British, which he won so deservedly at Prestwick earlier in the year. I will not enlarge upon Perry's brilliant achievements, for my colleague, "Mark Over," has already written winged words of wisdom on the subject. But Lawson Little deserves a whole page to himself, and that is what I propose to attempt to provide.

Little came over here in the spring of this year as a member of the American Walker Cup side who was known by those few who had seen him performing in America to be a very first-class player, but whose prowess was not fully realised by the general public in this country. He was—to us not in the know—played very high in the actual match itself, but he more than justified the exalted position in the team to which Francis Ouimet nominated him. He went on to Prestwick with the rest as one of the favourites, but not considered by us to be quite so likely to win the Amateur Championship as were George Dunlap or Johnnie Goodman, actual holders at the time of the American Amateur and Open Championships respectively. It so happened that I saw him play every shot in one of the earlier matches of the Championship, and I was so impressed by

(Continued on page iv)

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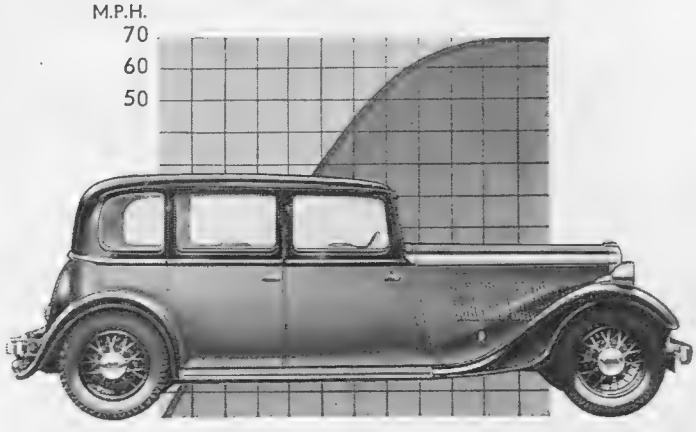

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ACCELERATION from standstill to 50 m.p.h.	19-2/5 secs.	17-1/2 secs.
SPEED - - -	66.7 m.p.h.	69 m.p.h.
BRAKING - - -	100%	100%

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(a road test of the new Rover 12 will appear shortly)

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CVS—104

Cars with a Personality

The New "V-8" Ford

By
The Earl of Cardigan

A YEAR or two ago, when I first became acquainted with the "V-8" Ford, I characterised it as being one of the most remarkable cars of the day. What chiefly impressed me was its amazingly efficient road performance, in combination with its exceedingly reasonable price.

To-day, the new "V-8" Ford has even more striking qualities of power and speed. Aluminium cylinder-heads and a higher compression ratio have added still further to the engine's vitality, while the longer wheelbase has ensured greater steadiness and comfort. At the same time, the price has been substantially lowered. Thus, if a unique motor-car can become "uniquer" (?), this Ford model has become so.

Above: the new "V-8" Ford has a slightly longer wheelbase than formerly. This, combined with its graceful and well-balanced "lines," makes it a decidedly good-looking car

Right: a new type of radiator is employed, and the car's frontal appearance is distinctly impressive. By a very simple mechanism, the windscreen can be opened to a usefully wide angle

COMPARISONS are admittedly odious; yet it is difficult to give any fair idea of the "V-8's" behaviour on the road without likening it to some accepted type of sports car. My personal opinion is that, where sheer acceleration is concerned, there is no car on the road with which the Ford cannot hold its own. In a "sprint" race, I would back it against almost anything.

Of actual speed there is no lack. In top gear, the maximum is around 80 m.p.h., while a good 60 m.p.h. can be reached in second gear. Such speeds, moreover, are obtained without any fuss—for the excellent reason that high gear ratios are employed (e.g., the 4 to 1 top gear), and the designers have not been content merely to exploit ultra-high "revs."

Road-holding is good, without being exceptional. The chassis has not been built to encourage high-speed cornering feats such as are claimed for out-and-out sports models. The steering, however, is pleasantly firm and definite, and the unusual transverse springing (a well-established Ford characteristic) proves itself most efficient both at high and low speeds.

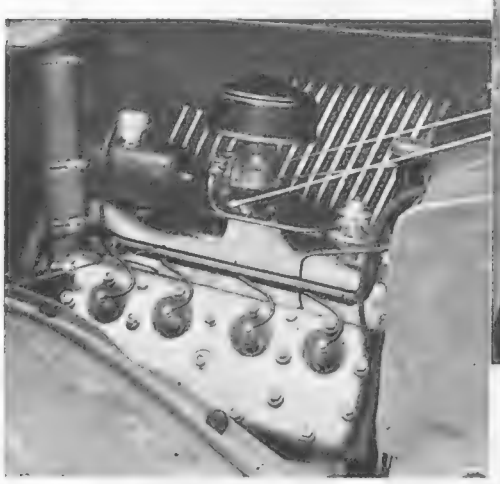
The driving position is well arranged, and the front seat is adjustable. There is a cubby-hole of useful size, and the movable sun-visors are most valuable at times

THE coachwork is comfortable, and full advantage has been taken of the additional chassis length to provide ample leg-room for both front- and back-seat passengers. There is also plenty of head-room in both cases. A minor defect, in regard to the driving position, is that neither front wing is visible. This might be a little awkward for a novice.

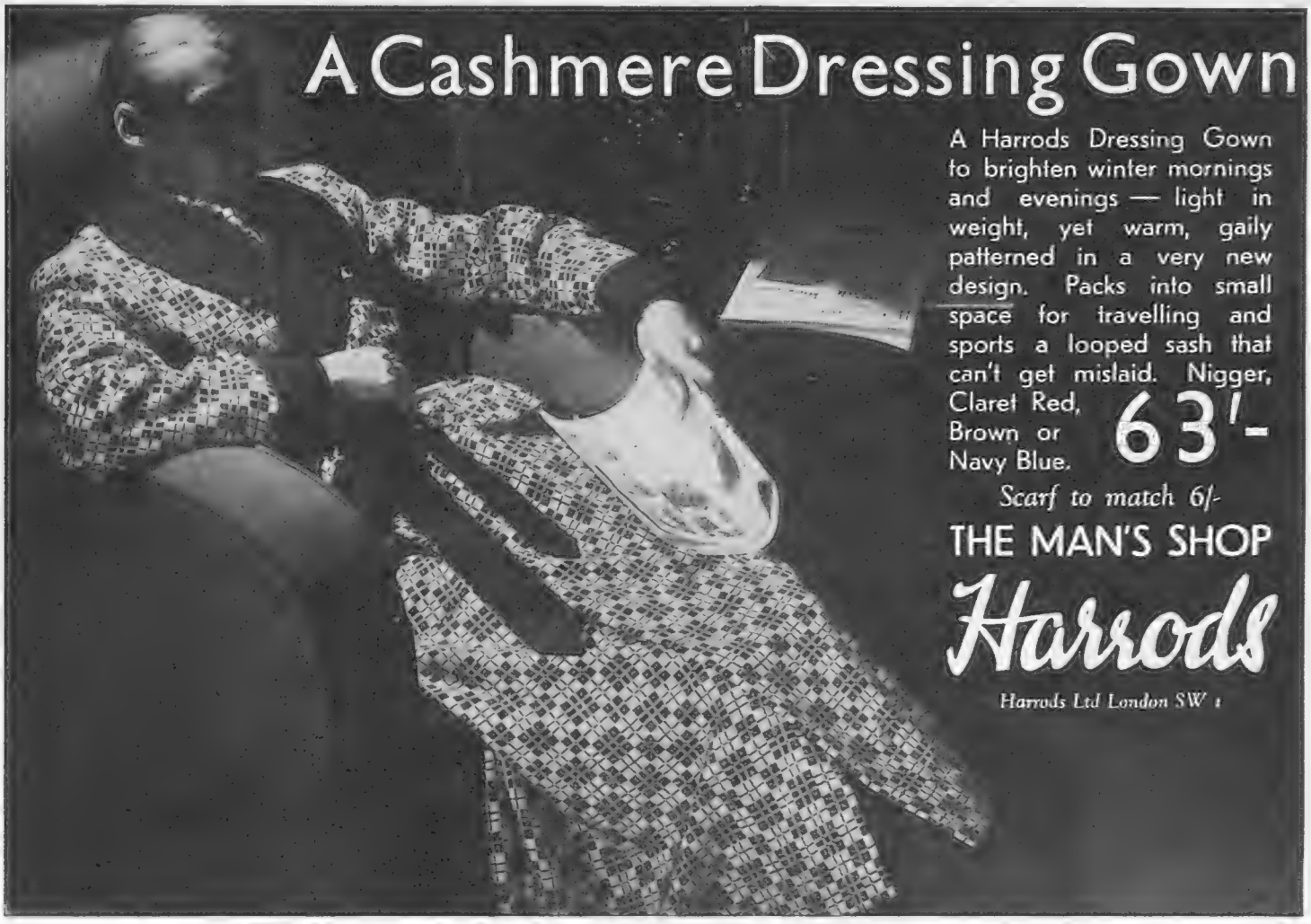
There are many small convenient features, among which we may note the metal foot-rest which helps to keep one's foot steady on the accelerator pedal. A remarkably good steering lock makes the car very easy to manœuvre. The brakes are powerful, and have an agreeably smooth action.

It is, however, for its astonishing ratio of performance to price that the "V-8" Ford deserves to become famous. The four-door saloon model costs only £235; and it is certainly no exaggeration to say that the car's ability to get over the ground is such as to place it in the £1000 class. Of course, for sheer luxury, the conventional four-figure car must be rated more highly; but, in the essentials of motoring, Mr. Ford has once again "delivered the goods" in no uncertain manner.

Below: the remarkable "V-8" engine. As the name implies, the cylinders are arranged in two blocks of four. This is an exceptionally efficient power unit, capable of astonishing acceleration



The back seat is thoroughly comfortable, and there is plenty of leg-room. An equally good point is the ample amount of head-room provided in the bodywork



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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf *(cont. from p. 584)*

his golf that I immediately went and took the best available offer against his ultimate success. I don't think anyone could describe Lawson Little as being a perfect stylist. He hits at the ball very much too hard for that, and there does remain the doubt as to whether, were he not able to devote a lot of time to golf, he would be able to retain his proficiency. He has the most tremendous power and he makes no bones about it, for he hits as hard as he knows how. At Prestwick he was playing magnificently, and allied to the power was perfect timing: the result was, frankly, terrific to watch. I shall never forget two brassie shots which he played: one to the twelfth hole in particular. The ball seemed to take at least a hundred yards to rise even a few feet from the ground, yet the shot was in no sense smothered, and it finished right in the heart of the green, an incredible distance away, for he had by no means connected perfectly with his drive.

Left: A. S. G. Thompson (Aldeburgh) and A. W. Pim (Worplesdon). Below, left: C. Purcell (R.A.C.) and N. C. Selway (Sunningdale). Below: G. A. Hill (Sandy Lodge), Lieut.-Com. H. McMaster (Chislehurst) and W. Lister Hartley (Royal St. George's)

Competitors for the "Kent Cob" at Knole Park Golf Club

BUT it must not be thought that Lawson Little is merely a tremendously powerful player who this year happens to be on his game, and who has no mastery of the finer points of golf. I have seldom seen a better putter than he proved himself to be at Prestwick—not particularly brilliant, in the sense that long putts consistently fell into the hole, but a thoroughly sound holer-out and a man less likely to take three putts from any distance than any other I have had the privilege to watch. The remainder of his short game is of the same calibre: he is perfectly capable of turning three shots into two when near the green, but that is not exactly what one expects of him. What one does expect is to see him play the first-class shot and then get down in two putts, rather than the brilliant shot and down in one putt.

Lawson Little is not exactly an exciting player near the green, when his game seems to become grooved and automatic, and is brilliant only by its consistency. The exciting part of Lawson Little's game is that part which is composed of all the full shots played with something stronger than a No. 4 iron.

LITTLE is a man who, considering his age, certainly has a magnificent mental outlook on the game. I have frequently heard it said that golf is more than fifty per cent. mental. That would seem to make out, in view of his playing capabilities, that Little is about a hundred per cent. golfer. He has certainly proved himself to be this year, for he can claim, with no fear of contradiction, that he is the champion amateur golfer of the world. The British Amateur Championship takes a lot of winning, in spite of our monotonous series of failures in the Walker Cup match: the American Amateur Championship is, they say, even harder to win. The man who can win both in one single year is a man who has every right to be thoroughly pleased with himself.

Feathers Clubs, What They Are

It was a speech of the Prince of Wales's which started the idea of the Feathers Clubs, and as a direct result of his appeal to help the less fortunate by those better off looking round in their own neighbourhood, a small club was first formed in North Kensington, which set to work not only to alleviate hardships, but to become a real *club*, managed by members limited to men and women of little or no resources, who elect their own committees and find in the club premises a centre of friendship, occupation and hope where courage and confidence may be re-kindled.

A drawing specially made by Rex Whistler for the booklet of the Feathers Clubs Association, particulars of which appear on this page

This North Kensington club was the forerunner of many others in different districts, where really good meals are served at a minimum price, and clothes, if required, provided at the cheapest of rates. These clubs are open on week-days from 10 till 10, and on Sundays from 6 p.m. till 10, and during these hours, in addition to social activities, carpentry classes, shoemaking, etc., are organised for men, and dressmaking, knitting, cooking and mothercraft for women. Such a scheme cannot be expected to run smoothly on its own resources. Not desiring to make a general appeal for funds, the Association has devised a plan which they hope will appeal to one particular section of sportsmen who can obviously afford the small expenditure involved.

The proposal is to enrol a number of "Feather Shoots," numbering them in order of enrolment—Feather Shoots 1, 2, 3, etc. Each owner of a Shoot would contribute a minimum subscription of £2 a season, while shooting men not actually owners should be enrolled as members with a minimum subscription of 10s.

A Feathers Club badge will be issued to owners, members and keepers of enrolled shoots, and every effort made to interest them in the movement. Any BYSTANDER shooting readers who wish to support H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, President of the Feathers Club Association, by participating in the scheme, should write to Mrs. F. Cardwell, 53, Stratton Street, W.1.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE THEATRE

Plays

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.—The Open-Air Theatre cast, plus Oscar Asche as the Emperor; also a Molière farce, *Love is the Best Doctor*: Winter Garden, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—Mary Newcombe as Cleopatra, Wilfrid Lawson as Antony, Maurice Evans, Nancy Hornsby, Abraham Sofaer: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine: Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Criterion, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MAN'S HOUSE.—A Jewish family (Joyce Bland, Basil Radford, Reginald Tate, Patricia Burke) in A.D. 33, and their reactions to Christianity portrayed by John Drinkwater: New, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work: the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée Jill (Esmond); Lewis Casson as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—Denis Johnstone's play from Malvern: Westminster.

MOONLIGHT IS SILVER.—Clemence Dane's play, with Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as husband and wife, Helen Haye, Martita Hunt, Cecil Parker, Barry Jones: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

THE NIGHT HAWK.—An unconvincing play about a face-lifting doctor and a prostitute; Beatrix Thomson acts well as the latter: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

NO MORE LADIES.—Ellis Jeffreys, Ann Todd, Arthur Margetson in a comedy by A. E. Thomas: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30

SOUR GRAPES.—An excellent comedy on the theme that love between husband and wife must fade: Constance Cummings as the wife, Nicholas Hannen as the husband, Roger Livesey as the lover, all act supremely well: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—Shaun Glenville as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (to Cambridge, Sept. 26th).

REVUDEVILLE No. 48.—(Third Year). Gus Chevalier, Eddie Kelland, Morgan Davies, Beryl Beresford, and Milne and West. Non-stop, 1.30-11.30: Windmill.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHO 'S WHO.—Peter Haddon is the Earl and Lilian Bond is Polly Brown in this Wodehouse comedy; Violet Vanbrugh, Laurence Grossmith, Enid Stamp-Taylor are in it too: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

JOSEPHINE.—Mary Ellis as Josephine, Frank Vosper as Napoleon, Lady Tree, George Grossmith, Lyn Harding, Sam Livesey, in Hermann Bahr's play: His Majesty's, to-night.

MIRACLE IN MAYFAIR.—A play about Mary Baker Eddy by Ernst Toller and Hermann Kesten: Gate, Sept. 26th.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of dancing and good humour, with a huge star cast: Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Ly-Jana, Naunton Wayne and innumerable others: Palace, Sept. 28th.

YES, MADAM!—Bobbie Howes, Binnie Hale, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, Billy Leonard, in a new musical comedy: Hippodrome, Sept. 27th.

CINEMAS

BLOSSOM TIME.—Richard Tauber's first British picture; the singer is supported in this romantic piece by Jane Baxter, Athene Seyler, Carl Esmond, Paul Graetz, and a lot more: Regal.

EVENSONG.—Evelyn Laye acts well as the prima-donna, Fritz Kortner excellent as her manager, Carl Esmond a handsome lover in this attractive but slow-moving picture: Tivoli.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss as the famous financier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DR. MABUSE.—Fritz Lang's great hypnotist-villain reappears in a superbly produced thriller: Academy.

MY SONG FOR YOU.—Another opera-singer hero, Jan Kiepura; Sonnie Hale is his manager, Aileen Marson the girl-friend: New Gallery.

NELL GWYN.—Anna Neagle as Nell and Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II. in another and excellent historical film: Leicester Square.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE.—Another singing love-tale with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, as the Don, Benita Hume as his wife; Merle Oberon leads the galaxy of lovelies: London Pavilion.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE.—A new romance for Janet Gaynor, in which her opposite number is Lew Ayres: Capitol.

SING AS WE GO.—Gracie Fields in the J. B. Priestley-Basil Dean Blackpool film. And CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, with Claude Rains: Plaza.

THE SLUMP IS OVER.—Albert Prejean and Danielle Darrieux in a gay and amusing film, with catchy music: Curzon.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper are the stars of the film version of Stevenson's great adventure story: Empire.

OPERA

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THE SNOW MAIDEN: Sept. 25th, 7.45; 29th, 2.30.

CARMEN: Sept. 26th, 8.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE: Sept. 27th, 8.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: Sept. 28th, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY: Sept. 29th, 8.

(*Continued on page C*)

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What's On *(Continued from page B)*

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-night: Szigeti plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E minor; Bax's Symphony No. 3; Constant Lambert conducts his Rio Grande.

Sept. 26th: Brahms concert, Symphony No. 3, and Piano Concerto No. 2 (Myra Hess); Ireland, Holst and Debussy.

Sept. 27th: Vaughan Williams concert, including A London Symphony; Keith Falkner singing.

Sept. 28th: Beethoven concert; Symphony No. 6 and Piano Concerto No. 3 (Myra Hess).

Sept. 29th: Mixed programme, including Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Berlioz, Liszt, Ireland.

Oct. 1st: Wagner concert; singers, Eva Turner, William Heughan.

LAMOND.—First of seven Beethoven sonata recitals: Wigmore Hall, Sept. 29th, 3.

DANCING AND DINING

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Three Pearls, speciality dancers from New York; Louis Simmonds and his band play; extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Jesters do some snappy New York stuff; Jack Harris is here to play for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—André Balogh, the Jiggling violinist, Reginald Forsythe's band.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" in a special summer show; Teddy Joyce and his band do a cabaret turn, as well as play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—The Cuban Trio play and sing most attractively; Van Straten makes the dance music: extension, Wednesday.

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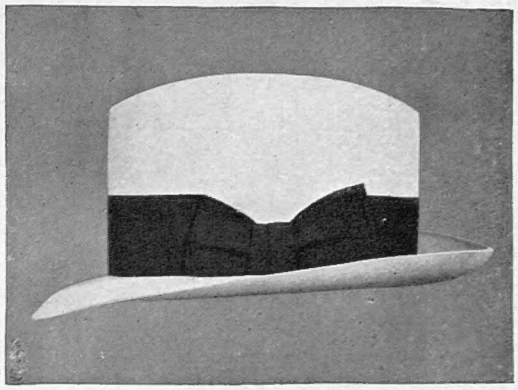

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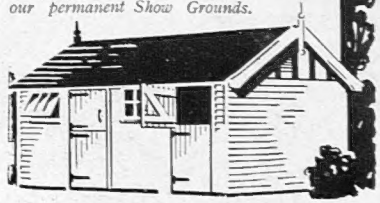

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